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PRICE
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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.
THIRTY-SEVENTH MEETING, to be held at DUNDEE, commencing September 4, 1867.

President.
His Grace the DUKE OF BUCLEUGH and QUEENSBERRY, K.G. D.C.L. F.R.S. F.L.S.

General Arrangements.
The President's Inaugural Address on Wednesday, September 4, at 8 P.M.

The Sectional Meetings, from 5th to 10th September inclusive. Services on Thursday, the 5th, and Tuesday, the 10th, of September.

Evening Lectures (by A. Herschel, Esq., on Shower-Meteors, and by A. Geikie, Esq., on the Geology of Scotland) on Friday, the 6th, and Monday, the 9th, of September.

Excursions on Saturday, the 7th, and Thursday, the 12th, of September.

The Reception-Room, Royal Exchange, will be opened on Monday, September 2.

Notices of Papers proposed to be read should be sent before the 15th of August to the Assistant-General Secretary, G. Griffith, Esq., M.A., 1, Woodside, Harrow.

Members and Associates intending to be present at the Meeting are requested to apply to the Local Secretaries, who will assist them in procuring lodgings, and will forward a railway pass, entitling the holders to obtain from the principal Railway Companies a Return Ticket (at ordinary return fare), available from Monday, 2nd, to Saturday, 14th, September inclusive.

JAS. HENDERSON, Jun., Local Secretary.

FAT. ANDERSON, Local Secretary.

J. A. LAKE GLOAG, Local Secretary.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the General Hospital, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of August, 1867.

President.—The Right Hon. EARL BEAUCHAMPE.

Principal Vocalists.—Mademoiselle Titiana, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson; Madame Keaton-Dolly, and Madame Paley-Whitlock; Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. W. H. Cummings; Mr. Santley and Mr. Weiss.

Solo Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Solo Violin, M. Keaton. Organist, Mr. Stimpson.

Conductor.—Mr. COSTA.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

TUESDAY MORNING.—"Elijah," Mendelssohn.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.—"The Woman of Samaria" (in Sacred Cantata), Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. (composed expressly for the Festival); "Judas Maccabæus," Handel.

THURSDAY MORNING.—"Messiah," Handel.

FRIDAY MORNING.—"Messe Solennelle," Gounod; "Israel in Egypt," Handel.

TUESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata ("Alexander's Feast"), Handel; Overture ("Oberon"), Weber; Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, Benedict; Vocal Selections from Opera, &c.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Overture ("Leonora"), Beethoven; Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, Professor W. S. Bennett, Mus. Doc.; Cantata ("The Legend of St. Cecilia"), Benedict; Classical Vocal Selections, &c.

THURSDAY EVENING.—Cantata ("The Ancient Mariner"), J. F. Barnett, composed expressly for the Festival; Overture ("William Tell"), Rossini; Fantasia, Pianoforte and Violin; Vocal Selections from Opera, &c.; Overture ("Masaniello"), Auber.

FRIDAY EVENING.—"Elijah," Mendelssohn.

Programmes of the Performances will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the Offices of the Festival Committee, 29, Colmore-row, Birmingham.

By Order,
WILLIAM R. HUGHES,
Secretary to the Festival Committee.

LONDON INSTITUTION, FINSBURY.

CIRCUS.—On MONDAY, August 5, 1867, at Two o'clock in the Afternoon, a LECTURE, "On the Means which Chemistry affords of ascertaining the Purity of Water," will be delivered by ERNEST THEOPHILUS CLAPHAM, Esq., F.R.S.

Public interest having been strongly awakened to the subject of Water Supply in all its aspects, and the means of ascertaining the purity of water having recently been investigated in the Laboratory of the London Institution, the Managers have arranged for the delivery of this Lecture, for the purpose of acquainting the Proprietors with the important results which have been arrived at by the Chemical researches pursued in the Laboratory.

By Order,
THOMAS PIPER, Hon. Sec.

THE LONDON COLLEGE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION SOCIETY (Limited).

Head Master—L. SCHMITZ, Esq. Ph.D. LL.D. F.R.S.E., late Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.

The LONDON COLLEGE (inaugurated by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the 10th of July) will be ready for the reception of Pupils at the commencement of the NEW TERM, on the 15th of September next.

Applications for admission should be made without delay to Dr. A. Schmitz, at the College, Spring-grove, Midsex, W., or to the Secretary, at the Society's Office, 24, Old Bond-street, London, W., where Prospectuses and any information can be obtained.

Schools in connexion with this College exist at Châton, near Paris (Head Master, Monsieur P. Barrère), and at Godesberg, near Bonn, on the Rhine (Head Master, Dr. A. Baskerville). Prospectuses of which can also be obtained of the Secretary as above.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.

Session 1867-68.

MATRICULATION AND SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS.

On TUESDAY, the 15th of OCTOBER NEXT, will be held in the College an EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION and for SCHOLARSHIPS, viz.—

Eight Senior Scholarships of the value of 40l. each, and Forty-six Junior Scholarships, varying in value from 20l. to 25l. each; to Fifteen of which First Year's Students are eligible.

For Prospectuses and further information, apply to the Registrar of the College.

Signed by Order of the President,
ROBERT J. KENNY, Registrar.

Will close on the 31st instant.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION (Second Series, A.D. 1688 to 1800), Exhibition-road, South Kensington.—Admission to 12th, 6d.; Tuesdays, 1s.; from 12th to 31st, 2d.; Tuesdays, 1s. Special Terms for the admission of Schools for the Poor during the last fortnight can be had on application. Open from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.

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For information apply to the Warden at the College, or to the Honorary Secretary, J. H. P. TROSBY, Esq., at his Chambers, 1, Elm-court, Middle Temple, London.

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NOTICE.—The ADVOCATES' LIBRARY, with the exception of the Law Room, will be CLOSED from MONDAY, the 12th, till SATURDAY, the 10th of August next, both days included. During the above period the Law Room will be SHUT at Three, instead of Four o'clock.

Advocates' Library, July, 1867. By Order of the Curators.

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XUM

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867.

LITERATURE

The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Compiled, under the Direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A few hours after death had taken from us the late Prince Consort, the writer of these lines predicted (in these columns) that his eminent virtues would cause him to be remembered in future times as Albert the Good. The term was echoed on many sides; and a few months later it received poetic sanction, with renewed publicity, in the Laureate's fresh and noble dedication of his 'Idylls of the King.' Hence, the phrase passed into literature and into conversation; so that it is now current, not only wherever the English tongue is spoken, but, by happy consent of minds, in every quarter of the globe. Men who never saw the Prince, who use strange idioms, who owe his family no homage, feel, from what they have heard and read, the peculiar fitness of this title. It is not easy to express the character of a man of great abilities and wide attainments by a single word. The Prince, as every one knows, had many striking qualities and accomplishments, some of which lay on the surface and were visible to every eye. He was learned, wise, sagacious; he was temperate, frugal, unsophisticated; he was something of an orator, more of an artist, much of a musician. In physique, too, he was a man among men. His form was graceful, his face handsome, his expression noble. How, then, could a single word be made to express either the mass of his character or the aspect of his person? Still, when every point about the Prince had been watched and weighed—the charm of his manner, the culture of his mind—every point which struck a beholder and observer most, in one who presented so many sides, there remained a ruling thought—a capital issue—forcing itself through every detail of the excellencies which he shared with others; and that was the incomparable beauty of his character. When he was gone from among us, and the living light by which we had learnt to live was quenched, men felt how much there had been of a "daily beauty in his life," beyond even what the world of cynics and courtiers had been able to understand. Hence the feeling which prompted and accepted the word that sums up the undying glories of the Prince—Albert the Good.

In judging of men and women who have to live

In the fierce light that beats upon a throne, we should try to get, in lieu of the chastening effects of actual time and distance, the advantage to our vision of a true moral perspective. No grand emotion should be seen too near. Even when the passion we would scan is of the commonest sort, it is unjust, as all fair judges know, to look at it in the light of common life. The world is too much with us. We have a thousand wants and fancies which disturb our powers of appreciating other people's greatness. What is close upon us is apt to take colour from the medium through which we see it. A milkmaid's woes appeal to our sympathies better in poetry than in fact, because the forms of poetry are uncommon, and the vehicle by which the story is presented throws the subject into that moral distance from the reader's point of view which permits him to judge the whole as a whole, and with little reference to himself and his own desires. We want the mellowing air of time and space in

which to read such a story as that of Queen Victoria and her cousin. When Victoria shall have become to her people what Elizabeth is—the chief light of her age, the central point of human interest in her reign,—when all the trifles of our generation are dispersed into air, and only the great realities are left in recollection,—the tale of her love, her happiness, her loss, her sorrow, will be the favourite theme of all poets and story-tellers. Faith that knows no limits, constancy that clings like life, are not of every day. Our nobler passions are for noble uses. And what will the poets and novelists of a coming generation who shall take this theme for tale and idyl have to tell? They will draw the picture of a young fatherless girl, called, while still in her teens, to occupy the greatest throne in the world, who had to take her place in the midst of a proud society, torn by contending factions, with no support from her nearest kinsmen, who looked upon her as a rival and an obstacle to their ambition. They will have to paint her grandeur and her loneliness in a station which allows no sharer and no friend. They will describe the blue-eyed Saxon prince—so bright, so winsome, so affectionate—who had been born and trained, as it were, to be the guide and companion of that fair girl in her lofty sphere, if only the two young people could be brought to see and love each other with perfect hearts. Then will come, in due succession of line on line, the story of their mutual flame, their innocent courtship, chastened by the girl's high rank; their married love, their happy issue, in which the nation, like the family, rejoiced; their years of domestic bliss, broken at length, with a sudden snap, in the very noontide of their married joy. Then will come the pathetic sequel of a sorrow which knew no change, which drew itself away from the haunts of men, which laid down most of the trappings, and much of the enjoyment, of royal state, which gave up all the pomps and vanities of the world,—not in old age, when the blood might have been cold and the brain sear, but in the full flush of life, when the tides of emotion were yet running high and fresh,—to nurse in solitude a deep and tender sentiment of personal faith. The millions who will fondly dwell upon this story of a human heart will treat with scorn those cynics and seekers who, in our day, fail to see the beauty of a life which exalts human nature above fashionable society, and raises the Woman high above the Queen.

Some materials for such a story will be found in the volume which its heroine has been good enough to give the world, under the title of 'The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.' Many letters from the Prince, many notes by the Queen, enrich its pages. King Leopold contributes his recollections. Some of the Prince's schoolfellows, tutors and companions also send their scraps. From all these sources we get the facts and colours for a perfect picture of the royal youth. But the work is not without its flaw. To tell the truth, it is a quarry, not a monument; a block of marble, not a living figure. Too many hands have been employed upon it. Too many adjectives are used. On every page attempts are made to gild the gold and paint the lily. Colour is laid on thickly when the natural hue is perfect. Then, again, the reader is too often left in doubt as to who is speaking, particularly as to whether it is Her Majesty whose voice is heard in either the sweetly approving or in the sharply condemning line. Altogether, there is much want of art in this book. The best parts of it, even in a literary point of view, are, beyond comparison, those which are avowedly written by the Queen herself. Every note has its own point, its sentence,

its separate weight. Indeed, in Her Majesty's composition there is very much of the grace, the freshness and the power of an unworn pen. It is a great pity that the Queen should have let the task of writing this memoir pass from her own hands, even in part. The tone is so affectionate, so personal, that the book can never be classed with such lives of the Prince as strangers will hereafter write; men who will come to their work in a critical spirit, and judge the Prince's actions by judicial rules. This is a book composed in love. No fault is hinted, for the writer believes her hero faultless; no shadow dims the portrait, for the painter conceives him pure as light. From the Queen's own point of view, all this is so natural and amiable that men will accept it eagerly and loyally, as part of a loving story, told in the royal mourner's words. Told by another, the story loses half its authority and more than half its charm.

"Albert—using only the name by which he was known and endeared to the British people,"—these words, we may be sure, are from the Queen's own pen,—was the second son of Duke Ernest, of Saxe Coburg Gotha, a descendant of those Saxon princes who protected Luther; "princes," to quote what we suppose to be the Queen's own words, "whose names are immortalized in European history by the stand they made in defence of their country's liberties against the encroaching power of the German Emperors, as well as by the leading part they took in the struggle for the emancipation of the human mind from the trammels of Romish bigotry and superstition." Born to a small inheritance of power, the child was also born to a wide inheritance of glory, of which the services which his fathers had rendered to the two great causes of his country and his race—the freedom of Germany and the freedom of Religion, were the essential parts. Love of liberty and steadfastness in faith were, therefore, the historic passions of his house.

The Prince's parents were unhappy in their lives. Duke Ernest was a man to be pitied in many ways. For a dozen years his lines had been cast in most unpleasant places for a German prince,—in the ante-rooms of French marshals and chamberlains; and his temper was soured by these misfortunes. A disappointment in love was added to the other miseries of his life. A Russian Grand-duchess had been promised him, and taken from him; when he married his cousin, Louise, after whom our own Princess Louise has been named. Louise was Prince Albert's mother, but the father and mother were exceedingly unhappy with each other. The Queen, writing in 1864, touches with tender hand the story of the Duchess of Coburg's sorrowful life: "The Princess is described as having been very handsome, though very small; fair, with blue eyes; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her. An old servant who had known her for many years told the Queen that when she first saw the Prince at Coburg, in 1844, she was quite overcome by the resemblance to his mother. She was full of cleverness and talent; but the marriage was not a happy one, and a separation took place in 1824, when the young Duchess finally left Coburg, and never saw her children again." She died at St. Wendel in 1831, after a long and painful illness, in her 32nd year. The Queen adds to these few touches: "The Prince never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother, and was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness. One of the first gifts he made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little

child. Princess Louise (the Prince's fourth daughter, and named after her grandmother) is said to be like her in the face."

Albert was born at Rosenau, a country house near Coburg, on the 26th of August, 1819. The reigning Emperor of Austria was one of his godfathers; the child being christened Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel, though it was understood that his household name was to be Albert. It is notable that the two children of Duke Ernest bore the same names, Ernest and Albert, as the two boys who are the heroes of that famous German tale, the 'Prinzenraub'; a tale corresponding in romantic interest with that which relates the murder of our own two princes in the Tower of London. When Albert was born (with black eyes, his grandmother said, though the Queen declares they were blue), Ernest was about fourteen months old; running about, as the Duchess says, "like a weasel," and as "cross as a little badger." The woman who attended Princess Louise in her confinement at Rosenau, Madame Siebold, had just returned from London, where she had been in waiting three months earlier on the Duchess of Kent. The Queen does not fail to note, as one of the many things suggesting their future union, that the Prince and herself had both been born into the same attendant's arms. Born in May, the Queen was known in her family as the *May-flower*, a lovely and auspicious name. "How pretty the *May Flower* will be," her grandmother writes, "when I see it in a year's time. Siebold cannot sufficiently describe what a dear little love it is." Children are always wonderful to their nurses and their mothers. At the age of eight months, Louise describes her second son as superb and of extraordinary beauty. This is very likely to have been the case. A portrait of him, drawn when he was four years old, is like one of Reynolds's cherubs. He was undoubtedly a forward child; at ten months he could walk and talk—a little, perhaps; but he never seems to have been strong, and his throat and lungs were also extremely delicate. Cold chilled him very soon. He suffered much from croup, from a sort of hysteria, and from drowsiness, in those early days. He could hardly keep himself awake, and the tears would flow unbidden down his cheeks. His tutor remarks that he would fall asleep at table, and on a window-sill; and in a tiny journal which he kept when he was six years old, there is some such entry almost every day as "I cried about it,"—"then I cried,"—"on the road I cried."

It was his sad misfortune to live in a divided house, and from an early period to have had no mother's eyes about his feet. Even while Louise lived under her husband's roof, it seems doubtful whether her influence in the family circle was a good one. Councillor Florschütz, his tutor, speaks with scant respect of her proceedings as a mother. "Endowed," he writes, long afterwards, "with brilliant qualities, handsome, clever and witty, possessed of eloquence and of a lively and fervid imagination, Duchess Louise was wanting in the essential qualifications of a mother. She made no attempt to conceal that Prince Albert was her favourite child. He was handsome, and bore a strong resemblance to herself. He was, in fact, her pride and glory." It is something to say that the boy was not spoilt in such a house, with a doting mother and quarreling sire.

The doings in this early home may have had an influence on his life, making him prematurely grave, and giving that tinge of melancholy to his face which many persons found to be its highest charm. The Queen remarks that "even as a child he showed a great dislike to

being left in the charge of women." And her testimony on this point is repeated more than once.

As he grew in strength and stature, many fine traits of character displayed themselves. He became a general favourite with his kinsfolk and companions. Even in his games, a certain nobleness of nature showed itself in the pastime. "I had a fight with my brother," he notes in his journal, at the age of six; "that was not right." Count Arthur Mensdorff, his cousin, tells an anecdote of a lot of youngsters playing at the Rosenau. "Some of us were to storm the old ruined tower on the side of the castle, which the others were to defend. One of us suggested that there was a place at the back by which we could get in without being seen, and thus capture it without difficulty. Albert declared that 'this would be most unbecoming in a Saxon Knight, who should always attack the enemy in front,' and so we fought for the tower so honestly and vigorously that Albert, by mistake, for I was on his side, gave me a blow upon the nose, of which I still bear the mark." He was fond of fun, and delighted to quiz the old school of German professors. Some of his caricatures are said to be very droll. Like other boys, he was much addicted to plays and proverbs, and dressed his comic parts to the very life. He was also fond of practical joking; but the joke, says Florschütz, was not always on his side. The Princess Caroline of Reuss, knowing that he had a peculiar antipathy to frogs—"particularly toads," adds the Queen—paid him off for a pleasantry in his own coin. "Amongst other tricks he had played her, he had one evening, during a party at the Palace, filled the pockets of the cloak left by the Princess in the cloak-room with soft cheese; and helping assiduously to cloak her at the conclusion of the evening, he was delighted at the horror with which she threw the cloak away and turned upon himself as the perpetrator of the joke. For this the Princess took ample revenge, by collecting a basketful of frogs at the Rosenau, and having them placed unobserved in his bed, to the destruction of his night's rest." Count Mensdorff reports of him that while Albert was still very young, his heart was open to all the sufferings and wants of poor people. "I saw him one day," writes the Count, "give a beggar something by stealth, when he told me not to speak of it; 'for when you give to the poor,' he said, 'you must see that nobody knows of it.'" That ring is of true metal.

At the age of twelve, the Prince lost his mother, and at the age of thirteen his grandmother, who was also grandmother of the May Flower. Duke Ernest married again; his second wife being his niece, the daughter of his sister Antoinette. Of the aged and affectionate lady who was the common grandmother of Queen and Prince, the Queen writes in her after-notes: "She had already, at a very early period, formed the ardent wish that a marriage should one day take place between her beloved grandchild Albert and the 'Flower of May,' as she loved to call the little Princess Victoria. How would her kind, loving, and benevolent heart have rejoiced, could she have lived to see the perfect consummation of her wishes in the happiness, too soon, alas! to be cut short, that followed this auspicious union!" The love of this old lady seems to have been highly prized by all her illustrious progeny. Some of our readers will smile at the homely words of endearment by which she describes her grandchildren, so comically unlike the stiff and stately phrases in which exalted persons speak of each other on the stage and in novels. The little Saxon princes are in her letters badgers

and weasels; the fair English princess is the "little monkey," and her half-sister, Princess Hohenlohe, is the "big monkey."

At the age of seventeen Albert came to London, where for the first time he saw the May Flower. His first impression of the country and the climate was uncomfortable. He was a very bad sailor; sea sickness threw him down; and on landing in England he suffered from an attack of bilious fever. The hours were late, the dinners heavy. He could hardly keep himself awake. "The climate of this country," he wrote to his father, "the different way of living, and the late hours, do not agree with me. . . . I had many hard battles to fight against sleepiness during the late entertainments." Our late hours and heavy dinners were to the last distasteful to the Prince. On his marriage, he tried to break through the habit, only known in England, of gentlemen sitting at table after the ladies retire; but the bad habit was too strong for him, and Lord Melbourne told him to let things of this kind go as they had always done. The cousins liked each other; and all the Duchess of Kent's family were in favour of their falling into love. King William and most of the English royal family seem to have been against this union. William would have preferred a Dutch prince for his niece, but he does not appear to have used his great authority in the affair with any unkindness towards her. Meanwhile, the seed had been cast into good soil, and the Prince went his way, to study and travel, as became a young man of his rank. Only one thing seems to have clouded his remembrance of this visit: "The journey to England," he writes, "has given me such a disgust of the sea that I do not like even to think of it." Many years elapsed before the Prince could put out to sea without suffering from this malady.

He had scarcely gone away before the May Flower had, by the death of William, become Queen of England. A marriage between the young sovereign and the Saxon Prince now became the gossip of society and of the press. King Leopold pressed it on his niece. The Coburg kinsfolk also pressed her, with discretion, to name the day. The Queen was in no haste; indeed, her thought appears to have been that she would wait some time—three or four years at least—before she surrendered her single and lonely state. Nor can we wonder at her change of mind, if, in fact, there had been any change. The May Flower had come to his blooming time, and the light and air of a new life were about it. The Princess had become a Queen. That grim old palace in Kensington was exchanged for a pleasanter home. Pomp and gaiety took her eye, and for a moment occupied her heart. Public affairs demanded much of her time, and the rivalries of parties weighted her with care. She had little leisure to think of love. Albert became alarmed. Ever since he could remember, his people had been telling him he would one day marry his powerful cousin, and share with her the English throne. Leopold sent for him to Brussels, where the old King and the young Prince appear to have had an anxious consultation. "The Queen," Leopold told his nephew, "had in no way altered her mind, but she did not wish to marry for some time yet." Looking back upon those days from her present point of view, in 1864, the Queen blames herself severely for her want of decision on the point. "She thought herself," to quote the confession of her later years, "still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her

marriage a year married would h of differ trouble extract. King courage mainly objecte from H him "th her cou on it, he sition to very kin it, for t But the and she or four this she of lowl happy i apt to bliss. her affe losing l her day of dela very st herself her wh against turn. "to su certain waiting that th it woul and w prosper saw th wrote i kind of eighted first, t will b career; the Qu details The Q idea th with h to her Prince marrie Majes apt to whims It is, l on th emoti "thin her w bably all hi inclin told I intent then that I he ha marrie excus the f seclud dence age o of he repen

marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds." It is easy to guess the trouble to which Her Majesty refers in this extract.

King William, it would seem, had encouraged the idea of a match with Holland mainly from his ignorance that his niece objected to it. Queen Adelaide, as we learn from Her Majesty, told the young Queen that if she had gone to her uncle and explained to him "that it was her own earnest wish to marry her cousin, and that her happiness depended on it, he would at once have given up his opposition to it, 'as he was very fond of, and always very kind to, his niece.'" We can well believe it, for the sailor-king had a very tender heart. But the girl hardly knew her own mind fully, and she was more disposed to wait for three or four years than to hurry on the match. In this she was true to the nature of girls, whether of lowly or of lofty rank. A woman in love is happy in the love itself, while a man is very apt to desire a more perfect and substantial bliss. A girl is satisfied with her dreams and her affections, and, unless she has some dread of losing her lover, is seldom in haste to cut short her days of courtship. But to all proposals of delay on the Queen's part, the Prince very strongly objected. If he could not help himself in the matter, he wished to have from her what sounds like some sort of guaranty against the young lady's fancies taking another turn. "I am ready," he told his uncle Leopold, "to submit to this delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting, perhaps, for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life." King Leopold saw the force of what the Prince urged, and he wrote to Baron Stockmar to protest against this kind of delay. "Albert," he said, "is now passed eighteen. If he waits till he is in his twenty-first, twenty-second, or twenty-third year, it will be impossible for him to begin any new career, and his whole life would be *marred* if the Queen should change her mind." All these details are included in these frank avowals. The Queen now says she never entertained any idea that the delay, which would have squared with her own wishes, could have been injurious to her cousin, and she afterwards told the Prince that she never would or could have married any other man. Indeed, we think Her Majesty, in her fond affection for the dead, is apt to plague her memory with the phantom of whimsies which had no existence at the time. It is, however, impossible to read her comments on this hitch in the marriage without deep emotion. "Nor can the Queen now," she adds, "think without indignation against herself, of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that, if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about. The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact, that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents." She adds the moral, in a few words

from the heart, which her people will not forget:—"A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

At length the young Queen assented to an invitation for her lover to come once more to England. Ernest and Albert came together; leaving Brussels on the Tuesday and arriving at Windsor, without their baggage, on Thursday. As the two Princes had no clothes with them, they could not join the dinner-party, but came into the Queen's apartments later in the evening. A very charming family circle was at once formed. The young Queen had breakfast in her own room; the young Princes went out either walking or shooting. When they came in, they paid their cousin a visit in her apartments; at two o'clock, the Duchess of Kent came over to luncheon; and in the afternoon the whole party rode out together, the ladies and gentlemen forming a long cavalcade. Things went on in this way for a week, during which it now appears that the Queen had been toying with her purpose. Nor can we wonder. It was not only necessary, in her case, for the girl to give up her freedom, as it is called, but she had thrust upon her the duty of making the first advance; in fact, of proposing to the Prince. When she had made up her mind, she told Lord Melbourne, her most confidential friend and adviser, that she was now ready to take her cousin. "I think it will be well received," said the noble Lord. Next day she sent for the Prince, told him that she loved him, and would marry him if he could agree to unite his future life with hers. "The Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstration of kindness and affection; and, after a natural expression of her feeling of happiness, Her Majesty adds, in the fervour and sincerity of her heart, with the straightforward simplicity that marks all the entries in her Journal: 'How will I strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. . . . I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. . . . He told me how perfect his brother was.'" In a letter which Her Majesty wrote the same day to King Leopold, she says:—"My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfect, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy." These words were prophetic of her future life with the lover she had chosen for herself.

Of the beauty of the Prince's character, we find in this volume many illustrations. In lines which bear traces of the Queen's own hand we have a brief record of the rules of conduct which he adopted in his high and difficult position. "From the moment of his establishment in the English palace," we read, "as the husband of the Queen, his first object was to maintain, and, if possible, even raise the

character of the Court. With this view he knew that it was not enough that his own conduct should be in truth free from reproach; no shadow of a shade of suspicion should, by possibility, attach to it. He knew that, in his position, every action would be scanned—not always, possibly, in a friendly spirit; that his goings-out and his comings-in would be watched, and that in every society, however little disposed to be censorious, there would always be found some prone, were an opening afforded, to exaggerate, and even to invent stories against him, and to put an uncharitable construction on the most innocent acts. He, therefore, from the first, laid down strict, not to say severe, rules for his own guidance. He imposed a degree of restraint and self-denial upon his own movements which could not but have been irksome had he not been sustained by a sense of the advantage which the throne would derive from it. He denied himself the pleasure—which to one so fond as he was of personally watching and inspecting every improvement that was in progress would have been very great—of walking at will about the town. Wherever he went, whether in a carriage or on horseback, he was accompanied by his equeyry. He paid no visits in general society. His visits were to the studio of the artist, to museums of art or science, to institutions for good and benevolent purposes. Wherever a visit from him, or his presence, could tend to advance the real good of the people, there his horses might be seen waiting; never at the door of mere fashion. Scandal itself could take no liberty with his name."

With what strictness of self-denial the Prince carried out these admirable rules of conduct, society is well aware. Perhaps he would have gained in fleeting favour, at least with certain classes, had he been less devoted and conscientious. He was a model gentleman; and there are certain people who think that a man of irreproachable conduct must necessarily be a bore. We can hardly be wrong in thinking that this pregnant passage is from the Queen's own hand:—"There were some, undoubtedly, who would gladly have seen his conduct the reverse of all this, with whom he would have been more popular had he shared habitually and indiscriminately in the gaieties of the fashionable world,—had he been a regular attendant at the racecourse,—had he, in short, imitated the free lives, and even, it must be said, the vices of former generations of the Royal Family. But the country generally knew how to estimate and admire the beauty of domestic life, beyond reproach, or the possibility of reproach, of which the Queen and he set so noble an example. It is this which has been the glory and the strength of the throne in our day, and which has won for the English Court the love and veneration of the British people, and the respect of the world. Above all, he has set an example for his children, from which they may be sure they can never deviate without falling in public estimation, and running the risk of undoing the work which he has been so instrumental in accomplishing." Words, whoever penned them, full of weight and wisdom. The English people are a virtuous and domestic people, who have been proud to see the domestic virtues flourishing in the highest household in the land, and glad to trace this noble state of things to the pure lives and bright examples of the Queen and Prince.

Essays on Religion and Literature. By Various Writers. Edited by Archbishop Manning. Second Series. (Longmans & Co.)

This title is not, like the last we noticed, pseudonymous. Dr. Manning is an archbishop,

even *per legem terre*, which admits Roman orders. This series seems to be especially addressed to members of his own Church: and it is curious that he should take his true title, seeing that he used the name of his pretended see in the last work we noticed, which was more addressed to Protestants.

These Essays consist of an Introduction, by the Archbishop; Intellectual Power and Man's Perfection; Dangers of Uncontrolled Intellect, by Dr. Ward; Mission and Prospects of the Catholic Church in England, by Mr. Oakeley; Christianity in relation to Civil Society, by Mr. E. Lucas; Philosophy of Christianity, by Mr. A. J. Christie, S.J.; Events Preparatory to the English Reformation, by Mr. H. W. Wilberforce; Inspiration of Scripture, by the Archbishop; Church and State, by Mr. E. S. Purcell; Sacrificial Words used by St. Paul, by Monsignor Patterson.

The occasional volume of Essays, a plan inaugurated by the Oxford and Cambridge writers, and made famous by what must always be the Essays and Reviews, is becoming an institution. It gives a pleasant kind of *non-periodical*, which has all the other qualities of a *journal*. In one important point there is a difference: the occasional volume is written by men banded for a common purpose. In spite of all disclaimers, there is a joint responsibility.

There are persons in the world, and men of respectable taste, who prefer mock-turtle to the real thing: and it is a grand achievement of the counterfeit to compel reality to call itself real. For our own parts, we prefer real Popery to mock Popery, a pretence of which we gave our readers a sample last week. It is apparent that the real thing must take the name of real for distinction. The mock disgusts us by over-reality: it resembles the Latin written by our University prizemen, in which only peculiar idioms are used; nothing but Latinisms. The mock lives by accessories; the real is real without them. The real gets on in Ireland with nothing but a barn to worship in, and not a bit of altar-piece. What would the mock do if compelled to exhibit in such a building, without the vestments? The present bit of reality is, on the whole, rather dull; so was our last bit of mock: the reason the same in both cases, that the articles were very much addressed to partisans, and not so much as usual pointed against opponents. But in this plan there is much instruction for outsiders.

The Archbishop opens with an account of the rise of his Church in England. This Church was, he says, stamped out by penal laws, until fear of civil war conceded emancipation to Ireland, and pity for a despised handful to England. There is much exception to be taken to this picture; but we will not go into history. At present there is a respectable number; but only one out of twenty in England, and less than half of this English. That is, roughly speaking, there is one Roman to thirty-nine Protestant articles. But the Roman system is much better known, and its votaries are augmenting daily: "call it a plague, of frogs, of flies, or of boils: it is upon man and beast. Throw ashes into the air, it comes down Popery." The ashes brought boils, which the magicians could not imitate, or at least would not. The comparison is wrong: our ritualist magicians are making a very successful imitation of the plague of Popery. This increase of the Roman Church must be Divine agency. Who doubts it? The same may be said of the cholera, the rinderpest, and the speeches on the Reform Bill. In spite of the increase of infidelity, the tide is towards the Roman system: "It is a tide of which no law of sufficient force can be found except a momentum

of the will and grace of God." Dr. Manning should not meddle with scientific phraseology: how the momentum of a will can be the law of the force of a tide wants explanation. But we will not embark into the fundamental feature on which this question hinges.

Dr. Manning takes strong and true notice of the ritualist movement: so did Dr. Wiseman of the agitation of Tractarian *principle*; he called it, so far as we remember his words, an effort of noble souls towards truth. And thus he checked the ridicule of many of his adherents. He was right: the Tracts were a discussion of doctrines which arose out of yearnings towards what the future cardinal took for truth, and he justly foresaw that many of the aspirants must finish their career in his Church. Dr. Manning, with equal correctness, laughs at the ritualist movement. He "trusts" a blessing may descend on it. He sees in it a testimony to the "Catholic Church": he is right; but the force and direction of testimony is a "momentum" of the honesty and good sense of the witnesses. If the ritualists wanted to ridicule the Roman Church, they could hardly do it better. He says that the real thing can never be found out of his Church: and we feel sure he is right; macaroni cannot be made genuine except in Italy. You may take a ritualist; you may

Stick a feather in his cap
And call him macaroni;

but he is not the true thing. "The doctrine of the Real Presence, less transubstantiation, is like the doctrine of one God in three Persons, less the doctrine of the Trinity." No doubt of it, arch Bishop! Dr. Manning thinks that the greater number of the ritualist teachers secretly mean ultimate Romanism; and that only a few mean to keep people away by a real substitute. "The number of those whose good faith is doubtful"—that is, of those ritualists who are not Romanists at heart—"is not great." Does Dr. Manning really think that it is *good faith* for a person who has subscribed the articles and declared himself a *bona fide* member of the Protestant Church—so described in its legal title—to make use of the means and revenues of that Church to promote what that Church avowedly condemns? When we next hear Romanists charged with the doctrine that faith is not to be kept with heretics, we shall listen to their indignant denials with, Yes, yes, we know you want to keep *faith* with us, but not *good faith*. The Doctor speaks good words when he talks about abstract truth. "Truth only needs to be stated: but it demands to be stated in full. Anything less than its full outline is a suppression of truth, and *suppressio veri* is *suggestio falsi*." True: but not, as the Irishman says, true for you. Your truth, Archbishop! is, an English clergyman may be Roman at heart, and may introduce Roman doctrine with a mental acknowledgment of the Roman system and Pope, and with a view to lead his hearers out of the Church he has sworn to into the Church he swears by. And he may suppress his ultimate views because exposure of them would destroy his position and defeat his ends. And this is *good faith*! If the Roman Catholics were wise, they would keep their own secrets a little longer.

Dr. Manning assures us that the royal supremacy is defunct, and that the people of England are more conscious of the presence of the "Catholic Church" among them than of the Anglican Establishment. He is much mistaken: and time will show it. The royal supremacy now means the guardianship of liberty: and this is in truth what Dr. Manning's depreciations amount to. It has enforced, within the last thirty years, as much liberty as the

"Catholic Church" ever put down in a century: and this liberty is, among other things, the life of the Ritualism from which the Archbishop expects so much. The royal supremacy is much guided by the opinion of the thirty-nine; the thirty-nine are for the most part friends of very wide terms of communion. The clergy often abuse their liberty: but they will not be permitted to go beyond their tether.

Of the religious view of intellect we shall only produce one passage. "The perfection of man consists exclusively in the perfection of his moral and spiritual nature; intellectual excellence forming no part of it whatever." Of this absurd dictum we shall only say that it is, we believe, "Catholic" truth: we cannot see how the Roman system can stand for a moment on any other assumption. Join to it that perfection of spiritual nature means entire submission to all that the Bishop of Rome chooses to declare himself inspired to tell, and you have the "true system" as well expressed as so few words can do it.

We pass over dull articles which say pretty much what might have been expected, and come to the 'Philosophy of Christianity.' And we quote a bit of *philosophy*—

"See that circular wafer of bread. The eye perceives its colour, the touch feels its resistance, the tongue appreciates its taste. See that mixture of wine with water in the chalice; and here again the senses are able to appreciate the 'accidents': these may be taken by the Priest of the Most High and set before him on the Altar: and at a certain point in the religious service words are uttered to which the Divine Intervention, transcending all natural laws, is pledged, and, in consequence, the substance which supports the sensible accidents of the bread is changed into other substance while the accidents remain unchanged, and the substance of the wine is also changed into other substance, though its accidents also remain unaltered. The senses experience no change in their proper objects, the accidents, and indeed these remain as they were before, unchanged; but the intellect which before recognized under the accidents of bread and wine, the substances of bread and wine, which substances alone could naturally exist beneath them, now illumined by faith, recognizes the presence of substances which could not naturally be contained beneath those accidents. Here is a fact opposed to the course of nature; a fact, therefore, which is literally a miracle. It is obvious that such a miracle as this could not serve as a proof any more than the unnatural but inappreciable deviation of a note in the sunbeam; it would be an invisible miracle, and would require to have its own existence proved as much as the Mission of the Teacher of Revelation would require proof."

We should have let this alone if it had been offered as theology: but it enters as part of the *philosophy* of Christianity. Let our readers be warned that what both theology and philosophy call substance is not the *mass* which remains after colour, &c. are abstracted: for solidity itself is one of the accidents. The very occupation of this part of space rather than that is but one of the "accidents." The substance is that utterly unknown cause which underlies or *substantiates* the perceptible accidents: a creature of philosophic imagination, which cannot do without a peg to hang the accidents upon. If the substance have place, the philosopher does not know that the place of the substance is the place pointed out by the accidents: the substance may be in Heaven, and the accidents may be emanations. Berkeley did place the substance in Heaven; he made the accidents to be the direct action of the Creator. All the abstract terms of philosophy are depraved in common life. Substance, said the philosopher, is that which is the subject of accidents: then soldiers, answered the wag, must be the most substantial people in the world. Persons

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whose ideas on the word are inaccurate are in great danger under the preamble of the Athanasian Creed! A miracle is an alteration of the usual course of what is called Nature, a blind old woman who is to philosophers a substitute for God. Some admit that Omniscience guides her, and Omnipotence helps her: others think that she manages for herself, and keeps us all straight by a blind, deaf and dumb routine of unconsciousness. The Roman miracle is nothing compared to the philosopher's miracle, so far as incomprehensibility is concerned. But what is the Roman miracle? That the mind, illumined by faith, recognizes that instead of one perfectly unperceived substance there is another. This is not a miracle: *ignotum pro ignoto* is a very common mental process. The author means for his fact the change of the substance itself: that is to say, he means that this change of substance is out of the course of nature. The "Church" must tell him this fact too: he does not know it. For aught he can tell, the horse and his rider change substances every time the rider mounts. For aught he can tell, all substances are homogeneous; so that a change of substance is a substitution of one for another of two identical things. The miracle, then, is this:—The philosopher having invented substance to satisfy his craving for a cause—so long as it is not a *First* cause he does not care what it is—the Church recognizes his invention, gives God a substance, and so gives Him a cause, or at least introduces the necessity for some very odd distinctions to get theology out of the philosophy-scape. The Church assures the faithful that in the Eucharist one imperceptible is changed into another: the mind illumined by faith recognizes the change and says, Here is a miracle, here is something out of the usual course of nature. The Roman Church is consistent with herself, and in the usual course of her nature, when she buries philosophy alive under her throne: but when she disinters the creature, and calls it to her aid, she does as absurd a thing as the fisherman in the Arabian tale, when he took off the lid on which the sacred seal of Solomon was engraved, and allowed the Genius to expand himself into working dimensions. The fisherman coaxed the Genius back again, and then brought him to terms: but Philosophy is up to that trick, and will not allow herself to be deprived of her power, when once she has been allowed to get it.

We now come to the Archbishop again, on the Inspiration of Scripture. We learn what we knew before, that in the Roman system the Church is the witness to the inspiration; "that Voice [of the Church] has declared to us that the Sacred books were written by inspiration." There is deep worldly wisdom in the Church thus making the Bible a mere consequence and retainer of itself: we go back to the tale, and we see the whole Canon shut up in a little box, with the seal of the Pope upon it. The Protestants let it out, and some of the Reformed Churches have tried to coax it back again, but not even the old seal has a chance. The orthodox often try to prove the Church from the Scripture; and thus there is a cross-purpose which they must settle among themselves.

The Archbishop tells us, in the plainest terms we have seen, that though the infallibility of the Church and the inspiration of Scripture are "two Divine truths which reign and will reign for ever over the whole kingdom of faith and of theology," they are not either of them yet dogmatically settled. They have had "their successive periods of simple affirmation and simple belief—incipient controversy and partial contradiction, and will probably have their formal contradiction, their last analysis, and their final

scientific definition." This refers to the disputes about the character of the Church, about the separate infallibility of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*, about the question of verbal or substantial inspiration, &c. These questions have never been settled by a General Council: our belief is that no Pope, in the present state of opinion, could count upon a sufficient majority for the side which, of course, a Pope would take. Should that time ever come, the doctrines would be settled in a "scientific" way: that is, "The history of the infallibility of the Church and of the inspiration of Holy Scripture will then be written like as the history of the Immaculate Conception, which has now been closed by the dogmatic Bull of Pius the Ninth." We have seen nothing so characteristic as this since we came upon the Virgin as *Co-redemptress* in the review which we quoted some months ago. The doctrine of the immaculate conception is more scientifically defined than that of the infallibility or of the inspiration! See what an excellent thing it is to have books written by sects and churches for themselves!

The state in which the doctrine of Inspiration was left in the Church of Rome has determined the position which it holds in the Church of England, which says not a word about the matter. In 1807, the Rev. W. Buckle wrote a long "Catechism compiled from the Book of Common Prayer," in which every answer is *verbatim* either from the Liturgy or the Articles. Accordingly, the word *Inspiration* is not mentioned: the only chapter on the character of the Scriptures is "On the Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation."

Social Duties considered with Reference to the Organization of Effort in Works of Benevolence and Public Utility. By a Man of Business. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS book raises many points on which we are at issue with its author, Mr. William Rathbone, whose hopes for the amelioration of our poor rest upon the external aid of benevolence rather than upon those internal forces by which the less fortunate classes of society have in these latest years visibly bettered their condition, and by which they will do more for their own redemption from ignorance and needless suffering than the combined exertions of the most humane members of the superior classes will ever effect for them. Still, notwithstanding the several occasions of difference between us, we thank him for pleasure and profit drawn from a series of papers which abound with practical suggestions of considerable value for philanthropic persons, who feel that the Christian love and conscientious dutifulness of English society find no adequate expression in our defective machinery for the relief of the hardships and sufferings of the poor. The tone of the essays is admirable; and the writer may be cordially thanked for his illustrations and evidence of the selfishness of the majority of our wealthier classes, who are too prone to credit themselves with the labours of the minority of their social brethren, and then to exclaim sanctimoniously that England has reason for thankfulness that in such matters she is not as other nations. "But even so far as mere money is concerned," observes Mr. Rathbone, "can we say that the rich have done their duty in the matter of charity? Is it not the fact that a large portion of the charitable resources of the country comes out of the pockets of men and women of limited means? Do the rich give as large a proportion of their incomes even as these poorer contributors? They should do much more, for they can afford much more. 50*l.* represents a much

larger deduction from the real comforts and enjoyments procurable with an income of 500*l.* than does 500*l.* taken from an income of 5,000*l.* As expenditure increases, it is less on necessities and more on luxuries; even its power of giving proportionate enjoyment to the possessor diminishes. The man who increases his expenditure from 1,000*l.* to 2,000*l.* may perhaps—though it is doubtful—get a thousand pounds-worth of increased enjoyment from the addition; but if so, he certainly does not get an equal increase when he goes on from 2,000*l.* to 3,000*l.*, or from 3,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* The larger the expenditure the less the proportion of pleasure to money laid out. And therefore, both because the deduction involves a less sacrifice, and because it is just and reasonable to hold that money should be so spent as to produce a reasonable return of enjoyment to some one, it may fairly be urged that the larger the income, the larger should be the proportion spent in charity. . . . Look at the same question—the ratio of almsgiving to wealth—in another point of view. Within the last twenty years the income of Great Britain has increased by full 75 per cent. Has the income of the charities 'supported by voluntary contributions' increased in like ratio? Have we, as we ought to have done, given an increased portion of our almost doubled wealth; or do not our alms, in fact, bear a much smaller proportion than before to our purely selfish expenditure?" Further on, in his remarks on the incompleteness of our "machinery of beneficence," Mr. Rathbone points to a glaring defect of our hospital system. "We profess," he says, "to provide for the sick poor in our hospitals. But our hospital system, founded as it is upon sentimental and not on conscientious benevolence, is strangely imperfect and inconsistent. The accommodation is so scandalously insufficient that the hospitals are obliged to turn out their patients in a state in which no rich man would be released from the care of affectionate nurses and of a conscientious physician."

For the better discharge of our duties of benevolence to the poor, the author urges us to have recourse to a plan of co-operation, the central power of which, aiming chiefly at the prevention of misdirection of benevolence, should restrain as little as possible the liberty of the several co-operators who would look to it for information rather than government, for suggestions and material assistance rather than commands. "The union," he concludes, "of organization with individual exertion and responsibility is capable of increasing enormously the efficiency and power of each; and their concerted action, based on mutual respect for each other's independence and observance of their proper field and limits of action, is the only basis of a really effective system of charitable labour. Separated, each is prolific of evil and comparatively powerless for good."

NEW NOVELS.

The Romance of a Garret: a Tale of London Life. By Sydney Whiting. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE O'Aisey is one of the most amusing characters of this romance, and the last thing that we read about him is not bad. One of the hero's friends writes to him (in the midst of a large mass of information of more or less importance), "Your friend Mr. Patrick O'Aisey was so good as to call upon me yesterday, and did me the honour to exhibit the immense advantage which would accrue to myself by lending him a somewhat large sum of money; and when I declined the happiness and pleasure he shadowed forth for me, he shook hands so cor-

dially, and made himself so extremely agreeable, that I felt, when he left me, almost a culprit in not having placed myself under the obligation in the manner he desired." This O'Aisey is just the man one would expect from his name—an Irish gentleman of high birth, according to his own estimate, but, in fact, an Irishman (of low origin, probably), with plenty of good humour, but no cultivation; plenty of talent, but no method; plenty of momentary energy, but no perseverance; plenty of frothy spirit, but no true courage; plenty of low cunning, but no real tact. He comes on the scene at first as "editor" of the *Delphos*, in which he works the reciprocity system, as he calls it, to his own temporary delectation, but at great disadvantage to the proprietors. The hero (his sub-editor for a time) remonstrates with him on this penny-wise and pound-foolish conduct; but the jolly Hibernian only replies, "Well, sir, for me part, if ye can't help a friend that helps you, ye ought to d-drink small beer all your life instead of Lafitte; for r-reciprocity, sir, 's the rale secret of an Irish gentleman's conduct." No wonder that the Irish gentleman loses his post, and, in the numerous vicissitudes of his up-and-down life, has to apply to his friends not unfrequently for temporary assistance. But this, after all, has not much to do with our hero, a man of sterling English character, who has lost his early prospects through his determination to throw himself into literary life, and who passes through all the stages of doubt and difficulty till at last, after many trials, he reaches the happy goal of success. Fisher (for that is our hero's name) gives us a good deal of his experience, which is probably to some extent taken from real life. The conversations with the two publishers—one a shuffling individual, who offers him a box of cigars for his manuscript; the other a gentlemanly man, who tells him frankly of its defects, but ultimately offers to take it at "half profits"—are, no doubt, a little exaggerated, the former in one direction, the latter in another; but still they give some idea of the ordeal that an aspirant to authorship has to go through, and one conversation may serve as a check against too hasty ambition, while the other may encourage determined young men, who feel that they really have "stuff in them." Turning from Fisher's literary career to his relations with his wife and other people, we find some humour in his intercourse with the "serious family" by whom he is entrapped as a boarder; but a good deal more in the O'Aisey's subsequent passages with the same people, when, with what he is pleased to call a "fraternal-cum-fatherly feeling," he is first engaged to be married to the widowed mother, and then discovers himself to be in love with the prettiest daughter, who has a delightful face and a tolerably comfortable fortune into the bargain. To do the Celtic chieftain justice, we must admit that he discovers the personal charm before the pecuniary; becoming, in fact, aware of his feelings, in consequence of the very natural circumstance of his kissing his future step-daughter, and discovering to his surprise that he likes her rather better than her mother. Fisher himself is amusing occasionally, especially when he teases his wife, who, secure in his affection, submits to the intermittent torture with tolerable equanimity. Of course, there is a grand struggle when the baby is born; the wife believing it to be the perfection of a baby, while the father is with difficulty persuaded (all pretence, of course!) that it differs very materially from the rest of baby-kind. His fearful threat on one occasion might appal the most strong-minded of young mothers. "Very well, Dorry;

do as you like; but not all the blood of the Latouches shall prevent me from christening your baby 'Toby.'" *The Romance of a Garret* is not so much a novel as an imaginary autobiography. Taking it as a whole, it is an amusing story, with a considerable variety of home scenery, and a fair sunlight of good humour to prevent its darker passages from being oppressive.

Five Hundred Pounds Reward: a Novel. By a Barrister. (Bentley.)

THIS novel is, we should imagine, the first appearance of the author. It is full of spirit and cleverness; the style is good; there is evidence of want of practice in the construction of the story; but it is extremely entertaining; the plot is novel, and the characters are drawn from the life. The story turns on the perils that environ the man who meddles with a ward in Chancery. The author evidently understands his subject: his legal knowledge is very cleverly used, and does not in the least overlay the story, but it serves to give an air of authenticity to the whimsical adventures and perplexities in which the lovers of the charming Helen Fleetlands find themselves involved. It is not often one meets with a thoroughly amusing novel which is true in its main characteristics, whimsical without being a caricature, and fresh in the incidents and in the mode of handling them. Five hundred pounds reward is offered by advertisement for tidings of a beautiful young lady who has mysteriously disappeared. A young barrister, who has much leisure and few briefs, resolves to find her, and begins his researches. The other side of the story is then presented to the reader, and he is told the whole history of the young lady and how it came to pass that she was driven to run away, and where she went, and what she did. The description of her guardian, the old Admiral Mortlake, and all his proceedings, is clever, and will go far in mitigation of judgment against Helen; but the awful responsibilities both of being a ward in Chancery and of having the care of a ward in Chancery are well brought home. The author has the power of dashing off a likeness happily and in a few words. His personages have an appearance of veracity, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Bunny Tail, who are needlessly coarse and extravagant. *'Five Hundred Pounds Reward'* is decidedly a clever and amusing novel, and we shall hope to see the author again.

The Curate's Discipline. By Mrs. Eiloart. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

CURATES are by no means interesting or entertaining people in real life, but in novels they are perfectly unbearable. Accordingly, our anticipations were anything but lively as we thought of the task before us. To have to wade through three volumes minutely detailing the trials, miseries and doubts of some wretched person seemed our unhappy lot; or, worse still, to read of numerous religious triumphs over the wicked and the infidel, and the ultimate conversion of the same to the true faith. At first it appeared almost too much for us. "The burthen laid upon us seemed greater than we could bear." However, a sense of duty prevailed, and the leaves were cut. At the same time we experienced a strong feeling of injury, and had our melancholy fears been realized, the critical tomahawk would have flourished and descended with no small force.

We were spared. The novel is not a religious one. The curate is not objectionable; and as to his discipline, that may be summed up very shortly. One brain fever, one conversion from

a high state of religious enthusiasm to a state of no religion at all, at least none for choice, and one love trouble speedily ended, comprise the hero's miseries. The only apparent effect of this discipline is to turn permanently a devout curate with a strong belief into a rich and happy *littérateur* with no belief at all; at least no re-conversion seems to be mentioned, so we presume the change alluded to was permanent. We do not quarrel with this result. For though it is always a satisfactory thing for a novelist to leave his hero comfortably settled in the principles of the orthodox Church, as well as wealthy and married, this state of perfect happiness could only be obtained here by a sacrifice of common sense. The ordinary lady novelist would never have hesitated for a moment. Under her sensitive pen the infidelity which we are told in this novel was the result of many years' careful study and thought—which compelled a man of great ability and goodness to quit his office and seemingly blast his whole worldly future—all this result of years would have been swept away at once and the old belief restored by a few maudlin tears, the silly prattle of an ignorant child, or perhaps a few hours' illness. Mrs. Eiloart did nothing of the kind, and therein gave another proof of that good sense and knowledge of human nature which distinguishes her book.

But why employ such a title? It suggests the very worst type of book—that in which a mild tale is made the unwilling means of conveying the most childish truisms in sacred and pompous language. As a heading for a tract it might be appropriate enough, but in an ordinary novel it is decidedly out of place. The book should be called 'Philip Wendell's Discipline.'

If this be Mrs. Eiloart's first attempt, it does her credit. It is chiefly remarkable for its freedom from the prevailing faults of the day. The plot is simple and natural, and so is the style. There is no improbability in the incidents, and our author is to be congratulated on her perfect freedom from that slang tone which disgraces the popular novels of the hour. At the same time, we are bound to state that no great originality is displayed, and no particular power. We have an ordinary story told quietly and unaffectedly, and we read it with pleasure, if not with any great interest. More thought should have been given to the general plan of the work, which might be altered for the better in one or two points. The first chapter is worse than useless; it occupies time in relating facts that need have no connexion with the story, and introduces prominently two boys who play secondary parts in the tale. Again, several of the incidents are hackneyed; there may be variety in the most ordinary occurrences of life. When, for instance, two persons are clearly doomed to death by the stern law of novels, Mrs. Eiloart executes them both in the same manner, by pitching them on their heads, and they die from concussion of the brain; so, when it is necessary for two younger individuals to suffer severe illnesses and recover, they are both polished off with the ever-recurring brain fever. Why not let us have a variety even in the killing?

On the whole, however, we recommend this book to the ordinary novel-reader. It is better than nine-tenths of this year's works, and though its perusal will not probably cause a great amount of excitement, the reader will be pleased with it as the production of a lady apparently gifted with a good education, good taste, and—what is still more remarkable—good common sense.

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The Last Chronicles of Barset. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THERE is one advantage in writing a story as a serial—the individual portions have an elaboration and finish which a novel written in the piece does not always obtain at the hands of the author. These 'Last Chronicles' are very carefully written, and the characters have remarkable substance and vitality. It is not given to every one to create characters out of the work-a-day world—neither better nor worse than persons whom we all meet every day—and yet to be able so to lay bare their hearts and stories that the reader accepts them as friends and acquaintances, follows their fortunes through the volume specially devoted to them, remembers the subordinate persons, and is glad to hear their story at length as soon as Mr. Trollope is pleased, like another Scheherazade, to take up one of the threads of the old story and weave a new one from it. The series of Barsetshire Chronicles have all been singularly real in their interest, and veraciously like Nature in the living characters introduced. Each chronicle has a central history, with slighter sketches grouped round it. The story of the subordinate personages has each in their turn been worked out at length. The interest has been kept up, the electric current has gone without break through the circle, from the days of the dear old Warden of Hiram's Hospital, at Barchester, to these last Chronicles of Barset, wherein Mr. Harding, full of years and goodness, drops into an honoured grave. In the meanwhile, all the personages of the town and country have, in their turn, appeared before the reader, and if the reader does not believe in Barsetshire and all who live therein—Lady Lufton, the Rev. Mr. Robarts, the great Duke of Omnium, and the still greater Marchioness of Hartleap, the Dean of Barchester, the Archdeacon Grantley, the poor Bishop, and his wife the terrible Mrs. Proudie, along with others as numerous as a list of runners entered for the Derby—the fault is not in Mr. Trollope, but in himself. How many, both men and women, have desired to know the sequel to the story of Lily Dale! and what numerous sympathizers and well-wishers has not Johnny Eames had in his crossed love and constancy! But one has always felt that poor Johnny would never grow up into a marriageable hero; one only hoped he might not fall a victim to one of the designing young females with whom he had a curious tendency to perilous flirtation. Everybody who ever read 'The Small House at Allington' has bestowed many a passing thought on what would be the end of Crosbie—whether he would ever have the chance of marrying Lily Dale, and whether she could, would or ought to accept him. It tells of great gifts that Mr. Trollope should thus endow his characters with flesh and blood and individuality of interest; make their surroundings graphic and tangible, and yet make the men and women stand out from their background, and live and move like human beings; but it is evidence of still higher powers when the fortunes of these inhabitants of Mr. Trollope's county of Barsetshire obtain such a thorough hold on the interest of readers that they are anxious to hear more about them, more even than Mr. Trollope is willing to tell; for he declares on his title-page and in his closing paragraphs, that the present is the last word he will ever say about Barsetshire and its inhabitants. We only hope he will not keep his word; for he leaves "distant wilds still opening to the view"; and we hope he will tell us a great deal more about many persons mentioned in the present "Chronicle."

The hero of the present history is poor Mr. Crawley, the perpetual curate of Hagglegstock, with whom acquaintance was first made in 'Framley Parsonage.' The sketch there introduced of the proud Spartan-like poverty of the man, with his learning, his uprightness, his devotion to his calling, was very striking. The strong counsel and rugged help he gave to his softer and weaker brother in the time of his trouble and temptation, made for him a permanent niche in the memory and reverence of the reader. But we hoped that we had left him comfortable, and that after his wife had tided over that dangerous illness, things would never be so bad with them again; we hoped there would be promotion, or at any rate a better income for them from some quarter. But here, in this 'Last Chronicle,' we find them worse off than ever; in a mess of debt, and in a slough of discomfort, which seems utterly hopeless and fathomless. How things have grown to be so bad we are not distinctly told; nor the occasion when Mr. Crawley consented to ask help and money, not as a loan, but as a gift, from Dean Arabin; but so it has fallen out. The Dean has given him money, almost to the amount of one-half of his poor yearly stipend, and Mr. Crawley has accepted it, with much pain and confusion of soul, keeping the money by him for weeks unused, in the hope of being able by some miracle to do without it altogether. But at last, driven to extremity, he has sent a cheque for 20*l.* to the bank, with his own name written at the back, received and paid away the money, and behold the cheque is proved to have been—stolen! When asked how it came into his hands, the poor man is bewildered; he makes a statement which is at once disproved, and he afterwards hazards the guess that it was a portion of the money given to him by the Dean. The Dean, now on his eastern travels, is written to, and denies all knowledge of the cheque; matters look very black. The man who lost the cheque institutes a prosecution; no one except the prosecutor really believes Mr. Crawley to be guilty, but the difficulty of thinking him innocent admits of no explanation. He has made two opposite statements, neither of them true, and this man, who has so little money that he can barely buy bread to eat, is unable to explain how he came by a cheque for 20*l.* The interest of the story grows pathetic,—almost tragic. The character of Mr. Crawley is very clever; the pride, the misery, the soreheartedness, the excellence and utter perverseness of the man do not diminish the interest and reverence of the reader for him. He is felt to be a higher class of man than any of the pleasanter and more prosperous clergy around him, though they do themselves honour by their staunch friendship in his sore need. Their shades of character are skillfully kept up, and the whole conduct of the story is able and successful. In drawing and sustaining the character of Mr. Crawley, Mr. Trollope has given evidence of more subtle power than is to be found in any of his other people. Of course the mystery is solved at last in the simplest and most natural manner. Mr. Crawley is not only cleared, but he is left at the end of the book in a new coat and a comfortable living. We hope we have not heard the last of him, for we should like to hear what will be the influence of prosperity upon him. There are incidental sketches that are charming. Mr. Crawley's passage of arms with the Bishop's wife is delightful; but justice is done even to Mrs. Proudie, and the reader parts from her without malice, though, to be sure, she does the only thing possible to redeem sympathy. The story of Lily Dale comes to a conclusion, in one sense, and on the whole

it is satisfactory. The meeting with Crosbie is very well managed; but, in spite of all that Mr. Trollope says, we persist in hoping that she will find a good man, whom she can make into hero enough to marry him. A woman's heart ought to be too deep to be drained of its love by one false lover, whom she dressed and decorated entirely out of her own stores. There is much delicate painting in this second appearance of Lily Dale, and she loses none of the reader's interest. Many other old acquaintances are disposed of. Poetical justice is executed on the unhappy Crosbie; he is reduced to his real proportions, and the reader feels rather sorry for him than not. We have spoken heartily of all we liked in these 'Last Chronicles,' but there are some four or five chapters which seem to have been introduced, neck and shoulders, apropos of nothing at all. Johnny Eames is taken out to dinner by an artist, Conway Dalrymple, and all that ensues is simply a disagreeable interruption to the course of the story, on which it acts as a patch unskillfully laid on, of incongruous colour and different material. Johnny Eames loses somewhat in the reader's regard, but Miss Clara van Siever, Madalina Demolines, with the two old harridans, their mothers, Musselborough, Bangles, Dobbs Broughton and Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, even Conway himself, and all the story of the mock loves of Madalina and Mrs. Dobbs Broughton are altogether out of place. No one ever wishes to hear of them further; their introduction is a mistake.

Ludlow Sketches: a Series of Papers on the Scenery and Antiquities of Ludlow and its Neighbourhood. By Thomas W. Wright. (Ludlow, Jones; London, Bradbury & Evans.)

MOST of us, perhaps, remember Ludlow only as the place where the Council of the Heir Apparent administered the affairs of his principality of Wales, or where Milton's deathless masque of 'Comus' was first acted by the most charming of amateurs. Mr. Wright has told the fuller story of the ancient town; how one stood there before the Normans, and how the Castle belonged to many a holder who had more or less trouble to keep it. Tangled flowers now ensnare the feet where castellans dwelt and the Lord President Bridgnorth's children poured forth the exquisite music of Milton's words. The valley of the Onny and Corve Dale are alive with story and legend, and possess such samples of the past as manor-houses of the Norman time. It may help picnic parties on the Longwynd to pleasant sources of conversation if they will consult this little book, and learn how the famous Lady Godiva may have cantered over some of this, her husband's property, in something more than her hair; and how very unlikely a spot it looks in winter for such sport, at which time country parsons may have to struggle to service through the snow, and at peril of their lives. It is not to be wondered at that, in this beautiful district of Shropshire, field-clubs abound. They are open-air clubs, whose members, ladies and gentlemen, meet and go abroad in the meadows, and find something even better than "books in the running brooks" or "sermons in stones"—namely, pleasant converse with one another and communings with earth, air, sky, and all appertaining thereto. The members, however, are not so numerous nor do they visit places so frequently but that they are apt to be taken, by the primitive people who read little but the Bible and Bunyan, for Pilgrims on a Progress to some bright shrine or kingdom not exactly in the neighbourhood. From the heights here visited a good deal may be seen, unless, like the Spanish fleet, it happens

not to be in sight. "Had there been no mist, we should have seen," &c., is a record which every tourist has to make, nine times out of twelve, when he finds himself at the summit of something less than the height of his expectations. He can no more see through the mist than Mr. Wright can see through that which so enshrouds the Anglo-Saxons of Corve Dale that he cannot determine to what branch of that lusty, body-burying, and not corpse-burning, race they belonged. Indeed, it is a difficult question; for if the cemetery on Sutton Hill exhibit Anglo-Saxon modes of interment, it is, as Mr. Wright remarks, "the first Anglo-Saxon cemetery yet discovered on the borders of Wales." The West Saxons, however, were not far from the spot in the sixth century. Something better than dreams of the past—reality of the present—is to be seen in Downton Castle, the seat of Richard Payne Knight. This gentleman was a descendant of a Knight, a great ironmaster in the neighbourhood, in the days of the Stuarts. Downton Castle is a home for an emperor; but the celebrated Richard Payne Knight, out of his love of solitude, not only gave up his seat in Parliament, but in 1810 surrendered Downton to a younger brother, and took up his residence in a cottage in another part of the county. The value of the well-known legacy of works of Greek Art, which he bequeathed to the British Museum in 1824, was estimated at 50,000*l*. In so beautiful a district one would suppose that sin could never enter; but it is a fact that Shropshire parsons have been hanged for very ugly crimes, as if they had been common ruffians who were devoid of intelligence, or witches who were hanged at Ludlow because they professed to enjoy more than an earthly share of it. There were, in fact, a good many loose as well as very many rich people in Ludlow in the old days, but those were the old bad days of Charles the Second. Mr. Wright mentions one—the provincial Don Juan of the age. His name was Morrell, and the author designates him as a "remarkable impostor," who, "for the sake of their money, married an unlimited number of wives before any of them were dead." But would he not have been a still more remarkable impostor if he had gone into that unlimited business and married the ladies after they were dead! Blue Beard, at all events, in a matter-of-fact way, did not marry one wife till he had hanged her predecessor. In some things, called illegal, the Shropshire people could see no offence. No one could persuade the farmers that it was illegal to kill the game on their own ground. If this audacity, put forth in the *Ludlow Postman*, 1720, astounded the Salopian squires, they were probably still more horrified by a Ludlow poet of a later part of the century, who insisted that everybody had a licence to kill game, granted by Nature herself. The birds of the air were free to be killed, whatever their quality, by any man; and the poet made express mention of "tradesmen," as well as farmers and others, having a birthright, as it were, to fish in the rivers, whosoever and whensoever they pleased.

Ludlow must have been a gay and gallant place when the Court of the Prince of Wales was held there, if not by him, at least by his Council. It was then full of fashion and all that accompanies fashion, and did not lose its prestige till long after the Court and Council were abolished, nor as long as county families, instead of coming up to London, resorted to it for the winter season. One may fancy what rivalry there must have been between the assemblies, balls, drums, ridottas, card-parties, &c., of Ludlow and Shrewsbury. It is now a quiet town, hardly thinking of Maud or of

Stephen, or of little Edward the Fifth, or Prince Arthur, who died here; or of Butler (who was Secretary to Lord Carbury, Lord President of Wales), who lived here, or of any other of its memorabilia. All that is to be said of it now is, that it is still on the Teme, is a score of miles from Shrewsbury, some sevenscore from London, and that Mr. Wright has written a pleasant book on matters in and about it.

A Walking Tour round Ireland in 1865. By an Englishman. (Bentley.)

"This work," writes our author, in a style of preface which can only be described as beautiful, "owes its existence mainly to design, but partly also to accident." He then goes on to tell us that Irish gentlemen who found him taking notes, and surmising that he intended to "write a book about the country, expressed the greatest possible interest in the idea of such a publication." We are inclined to believe for our own part that the "many Irish gentlemen" were intimately connected with one Mrs. Harris, who has for some time had an allegorical residence in this country. Irish gentlemen are, as a rule, merry, but not vindictive, and unless our tourist rendered himself particularly obnoxious to them, we cannot understand how they could encourage him to venture upon a literary undertaking. Our Englishman tells us that before starting he prepared himself by reading guides and handbooks, but that "he only allowed the information thus obtained to pass through the mind without making any attempt to find a resting-place for it there." This was wise on his part. His modesty in alluding to his volume as the work of "an intelligent and well-informed Englishman" will be appreciated when the reader finds him in the next paragraph instructing the world that the naturalist feels some interest in Ireland, "on account of the absence of snakes, if for no other cause." He trusts that we shall be able to separate "the grave from the frivolous in the narrative, and to distinguish humour and irony from real, earnest, well-considered statements and opinions." We found this task entirely beyond our powers. If a burlesque writer told us to correct his grammar and to modify his rhymes, while accepting his entire composition as elegant, witty and pointed, we should not more hastily decline the compliment to our discrimination than we should decline to discover this Englishman's irony, humour or frivolity. He is dull to the last degree; he is impertinent when he wants to be smart, and ignorant when he wants to be profound; he relates a circumstance which occurred to him when he "became afraid a case would be furnished for the Association for the Protection of Women." His humour may be gathered from his description of a fox's tail as a "bushy incumbrance." He talks of the women he met as only a bagman would talk—finding fault with "plain" waiting-maids; he thinks it interesting to record that he is of middle height, and that the clothes sometimes tumble off his bed; he found that his toes protruded in the morning from his couch, and that, "as far as my reading extends, this matter has not been touched upon by any preceding writers of travels, and therefore I feel I am conferring a public benefit by thus alluding to the subject." At the Giant's Causeway he becomes poetical, after a few gentish comments on a girl in a red petticoat, and this is how he intones: "Farewell, ye rocks, cliffs and precipices. Farewell, breakers white with foam. Farewell, headlands and caves. Farewell, Giant's Causeway, and all its attendant wonders. Perchance I shall never see thee again; or if so, under very different circumstances."

Descending after this flight, as he informs us, from the "sublime to the practical," our Englishman presents us with a copy of his hotel bill, in which he appears to have behaved shabbily to the Boots. His economy, however, was regulated by a principle, for on another occasion, on being only charged 1*s*. 8*d*. for bacon, eggs, potatoes and whisky and water, he added "a penny for the boy who waited, being not desirous of spoiling the place." There is a superb sense of honour and consideration in this little trait which should not pass unobserved. He did, however, give way to some extent in commercially demoralizing Dromore, for he records that on leaving he distributed five halfpence among as many little boys. He was strong-minded enough not to be shocked at the sight of the naked feet of the peasant women:—"After a short time nature's garb seemed actually to carry to the mind the idea of innocence and purity, and shoes and stockings to appear an unnecessary condition of female apparel." The natives frequently alluded to him as a "nice gentleman," and expressed their astonishment at a person of his imposing quality travelling on foot. He confesses, however, that he was also mistaken for a pedlar, a postman, and a seller of old clo'. The Irish peasantry are discriminating, and their uncertainty in this instance was not very much to their discredit. He was very gallant, and makes observations "for the satisfaction of my numerous young lady readers." He was at a dance at the Brabazon Arms, Swineford, on a Sunday; he writes about it as if he had never danced before, except at a casino. "The badly-cooked food and quick succession of meats and drinks" made him ill that night. As his candle was left burning to the socket, we suspect the salmon must have been badly cooked. He has no hesitation in telling all about his entertainers and in giving their names. We wonder what recollection they have of him, and whether the word "cad" has yet been imported to Swineford. At Castlebar, he tells us, that "during the night he caught three large fleas and another insect of doubtful species." This will show how accurately he kept his diary, and how well he knew how to cater for the taste of "his numerous young lady readers." He is a very Lothario to our Englishman. His reflections upon women are conceived in a vein that would do honour to the footmen who figured at the famous Bath *soirée*. How seductive, tender and graceful is the following!—

"Whence comes it that we errant bachelors are so attracted by beauty? Here, as I sit by this glowing turf fire, sipping my whisky-punch, that pretty girl in blue I saw in the coffee-room at Leenane, in the morning, comes flitting before my imagination, or the mind's eye, as it is termed; while her plain-looking sister finds no place there. Strange and unaccountable; stranger still does it seem next day, when I reflect that that fair image has vanished from my memory for ever!"

Our tourist is classical enough to quote some of the proverbs to be found in such recondite works as the Eton Grammar, and treats us to "Nemo mortalium" and "Ex nihilo" whenever he can make an opportunity. On the whole, this is as dreary a guide-book as we think possible for any one to write.

The Life of Abdel Kader, ex-Sultan of the Arabs of Algeria; written from his own dictation, and compiled from other Authentic Sources. By Col. Churchill. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE author of this volume is known to such persons as take interest in matters connected with the East by his works on Lebanon, and on the Druses and the Maronites. In 1853,

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he visited Abd el Kader, who was then living, in the early part of his exile, at Broussa. In 1855, when the great chief was removing from Broussa to Damascus, he passed a short time with the Colonel, in the Lebanon. The conversation of the Moslem and Christian friends turned constantly on Algiers. The Colonel asked his guest if he had committed any portion of the record of his deeds to writing, and the ex-Sultan replied that the fulfilment of his duty had never left him enough leisure for such work. Col. Churchill expressed his readiness to draw up the details, if his visitor would assist him; and the latter promised to reply with pleasure to any queries his friend might put to him. An hour's interview, daily, during one winter season, with Abd el Kader, at Damascus, sufficed to afford much material for a personal history of the chief. The material has now been arranged, and this, with no slight addition compiled from books already published, forms a very readable and pleasant biographical volume.

Abd el Kader is a year older than the Emperor of the French. He was born in Algeria in 1807. Like Havelock and many other genuine heroes, he was a studious, reserved, shy boy, fond of study, with no thought of war, filling himself with all kinds of religious lore that became an Arab who was looking forward to lead a religious life, after the pattern of his father the Marabout, and at the same time learning the use of arms, riding, and martial exercises, so effectually that any day he might answer a summons to become a soldier. But the idea of the priest was uppermost. At fourteen he was not only steeped to the lips in sacred learning, but preached in such a way as enthralled his eager listeners. At three-and-twenty he was suddenly taken from a pious and contemplative life to be the founder of a new Arab kingdom in Africa. It was God's will! and he became a Sultan and Caliph, a king without ceasing to be a priest.

The task had been imposed by the Arabs on his father, the Marabout, who at once transferred the mission to his fourth and most illustrious son. The circumstance arose not so much out of the French invasion of Algeria in 1830 as from the discovery of what was intended by it. The Arabs could have patiently seen destiny accomplished in the chastisement of the Turkish Dey of Algiers for the slap in the face administered to Charles the Tenth, through the smarting cheek of his representative, the French consul; but when they saw that the entire Arab nationality was threatened with extinction, then, to use a parliamentary phrase of the present session, "the pot boiled over," and, it must be added, the invaders were severely scalded ere they arranged matters to their satisfaction and the lasting dishonour of France.

For something like seventeen years the Sultan Abd el Kader struggled to save his country from subjugation by France. The odds were so fearfully against him that ultimate success seemed impossible. Nevertheless, triumphant success was more than once grasped, and temporarily maintained by him. He swept the invaders off the plains, out of the passes, through some of the cities; he beat them in the field, vanquished them with inferior numbers, out-generalled and out-maneuvred them, and the swarthy sons of the Prophet were mad in their ecstasy. While he was thus triumphing, every bulletin despatched to France announced his repeated defeat. He was annihilated over and over again, buried in the Sahara, and the dust heaped above him for ever. The flying Arabs were announced to be perishing by famine, when they were victoriously revelling in superabundance of supplies, and the French generals,

claiming to be universal conquerors, were buying cats for their table at forty francs a head!

But time and means were against the patriotic father of his country. The French did not much like to wait, but they could afford it; and, as for means, though in the interior there were such difficulties as we have just intimated, their means and resources were boundless, their supplies at last unfailing. Therewith they contrived to divide some of the tribes which lay nearest to their influence from those that defied the French on the more distant plains. With all means and appliances, however, it took those seventeen years and a succession of many hundreds of thousands of men to bring the Arabs to acknowledge that to prolong the struggle would be ineffectual. The French army subjugated the enemy whom it could not thoroughly subdue. The Sultan who had treated with the invaders now as a conqueror, anon on equal terms, never as an inferior, was obliged to yield at last, not for lack of a glorious share of victory, but for want of means, so costly had been his triumphs, to pursue his varying, indeed, but generally brilliant fortune.

When Abd el Kader in 1847, after the capture of part of his *Smala*, declared the war closed, the delighted French hailed the conclusion with a natural but significant jubilation, which revealed the measure of their judgment on the most terrible adversary with whom their own accomplished generals had ever had to cope. When he lay down his arms Abd el Kader was not only glorious in the eyes of his friends, he was blameless in those of his foes. In his conduct of the patriotic war he was exempt from the slightest reproach. He had conducted it in the spirit of a true gentleman who has an account to render not to mortals but to God. His courtesy under ignoble insult had never deserted him. He had never stooped to insult or dissimulation. He had treated French prisoners with tenderness and humanity. He presented himself to his conquerors a hero, in the utmost extent of that word. All he asked was respect for his property and person, and permission to live in some Eastern city, sacred ground to him, for the remainder of his life. General Lamoricière bound himself to comply with those terms, the Duc d'Aumale ratified the obligation, and Abd el Kader was stripped of his property, hurried with a few relations and followers to France, incarcerated in one fortress after another, and his applications for explanation of such treatment visited with silent contempt or insulting comment! Louis Philippe could neither cajole nor terrify his august prisoner. Abd el Kader did not complain even when he who was a child of the Sun had not wood in his prison wherewith to obtain a little warmth in the season of winter. The Duc d'Aumale left the great Sultan to rot in the prison into which he had pledged himself. Abd el Kader should not be plunged. Hope came to the captive when Lamoricière became War Minister under the Republic. That pious and orthodox soldier replied by ordering the captive to be more closely kept, to be deprived of the means of writing, and to be cut off from the outer world, save when he (the War Minister), who had pledged himself that the Arab chief should go free, thought fit to allow access to the prisoner only under stringent restrictions. Abd el Kader never lost his temper under these trials. Sultan still, he subdued the passion of his followers to the patience of which he set the example. Priest, he comforted the dying and buried the dead. When the present Emperor of the French released the captive from his dungeon, in 1852, Abd el Kader went calmly to his home in the East, without rancour in his heart.

His noblest vengeance there was in rescuing Christians from a great massacre.

The tale is told in full detail in Col. Churchill's book, which abounds in picturesque and suggestive incidents, of which the following, at the close of a conference between Abd el Kader and General Bugeaud, is one:—

"The General, not wishing to prolong the interview, as it was getting late, rose to take leave. Abdel Kader remained sitting, and affected to be engaged with his interpreter, who was standing beside him. Bugeaud, suspecting his motive, took him familiarly by the hand, and pulled him up, saying at the same time, '*Parbleu*, when a French General rises, you may as well rise too—you!'"

Cromwell's soldiers never stood so much preaching, nor were surrounded with such an unbroken religious atmosphere, as those of Abd el Kader:—

"The uniform of the foot soldier was dark blue, with scarlet pantaloons, a brown capote, and a small cap and turban. His pay amounted to nine francs a month. On the right sleeve of each commanding officer were embroidered the words, '*Patience and perseverance are the key to victory*'; on the left, '*There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet*.' Embroidered on the right shoulder of the Aga, in place of an epaulette, were marked the words, '*Nothing profits like piety and courage*'; on the left, '*Nothing is so injurious as discussion and want of obedience*.' All the officers throughout the army had inscriptions of a like tendency embroidered on their uniforms. The spahis, or regular cavalry, were clothed in scarlet exclusively. Their colonels wore the device, '*Trust in God and the Prophet—charge and conquer*'; those of the artillery, '*I can effect nothing: it is God who directs the shot*.' Thus was religion, its duties and its efficacy, placed ever prominently forward by Abdel Kader, not only in his army, but in his whole administration, as the indispensable foundation and support of human exertion."

It is commonly supposed that the *Smala* was Abd el Kader's camp; but it was really something very different, his movable Mascara, or capital:—

"This new and singular organization was simply an agglomeration of private hearths. To the *Smala*, as to a common asylum and place of security, the Arab tribes sent their treasures, their herds, their women, their children, their aged and their sick. It became an immense moving capital, amounting to more than 20,000 souls. It followed the Sultan's movements, advancing to the more cultivated districts, or retreating to the Sahara, according to the fluctuations of his fortunes. When in the Sahara, the numerous tents of the *Smala* were lost in the distant horizon. When in the Tell, they filled up the valley, and covered the slopes of the mountains. It was arranged with military regularity. The *deiras*, or households, with their tents varying in number according to the respective strength of each, were distributed into four large encampments. Each *deira* knew its place. Each chief had his station marked and his functions appointed, according to his importance or the confidence he inspired. Abdel Kader spared no pains to encourage and popularize a system of emigration, which daily increased from the strongest of human impulses, and thus gradually and imperceptibly bound the Arab tribes to him by the strongest of human ties. Four tribes were set apart to watch, protect, and guide the *Smala* in its wanderings. A body of regulars kept guard over it. Jews were expressly commissioned to advance sums of money to the needy. Ultimately, indeed, the *Smala* became a powerful check on the disaffection of the tribes. For when the French, alluring them with fair promises, said to them, '*Come over to us, we will protect you*,' an invisible voice whispered in their ears, '*I have your women, your children, your flocks, beware!*' Thus an establishment, which was at first constituted by Abdel Kader as a measure of domestic arrangement, became in his hands a vast and widely-extended political engine."

Abd el Kader had the utmost contempt for French prisoners who offered to turn Moham-

medans; and he praised others who, under pressure, had refused to change their religion. France rendered him worthy homage at last, after the President had set him free. Abd el Kader, on that occasion, made himself a Frenchman for the nonce, and deposited his vote in favour of his liberator, on the day which made Louis Napoleon Emperor, and which was the twentieth anniversary of that other day on which Abd el Kader had been elected Sultan of the new Arab kingdom that is now a portion of France itself.

LONDON CHARITIES.

[Ninth Article.]

SCHOOLS FOR THE BLIND.

THE "School for the Indigent Blind," in St. George's Road, Southwark, is the oldest and most important of these institutions. It was instituted in 1799, and has been most liberally endowed by the public. In addition to the extensive freehold estate on which its premises are situated, it possesses leasehold properties in other parts of London, and no less than 90,000*l.* in the funds! Its gross income, derived from annual subscriptions, dividends, legacies and other sums, exceeds 10,000*l.* a year.

The aim of this charity is both religious and industrial. It receives within its walls young persons between the ages of ten and twenty, elected by its subscribers. It seeks to impart to them a religious education, to train them to habits of industry and self-reliance, and to instruct them in some trade, so as to put them in the way of maintaining, or partly maintaining, themselves in after-life. No two opinions can be entertained as to the character of this design, which is not only benevolent in itself, but is calculated to produce both political and social good.

Unfortunately, the promise of this institution very greatly exceeds its performance. Mr. Low states that the average number of pupils in the school is only 141. The Report states the average number on the books at 160, and says that "the number from year to year varies very little." From the list before us we find 147 actually in the asylum. Upon these the actual expenditure in 1864 (out of 10,931*l.* receipts) amounted to no less than 9,519*l.*, or an average of upwards of 64*l.* 10*s.* per head! Making every allowance for the peculiar requirements of such an establishment, it can scarcely be doubted that this expenditure is excessive. Nor can it be regarded as a satisfactory expenditure of 10,000*l.* that such an amount should minister to the relief of so small a number as 147 individuals.

The amount of this expenditure appears the larger considering the class to which the inmates of this institution belong. All are the children of very poor parents. Some of them are taken from the union workhouses, their respective parishes contributing small sums to their maintenance in the school. The parish of Islington thinks it sufficient to pay 3*s.* a week for the support of a child in these schools, and another parish in Bedfordshire makes the munificent contribution of 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* a quarter towards the maintenance of another child. These two inmates, for whom 14*l.* 6*s.* per annum is paid to the institution, are boarded and educated at a cost to it of no less than 130*l.* a year! Not only does this appear a very excessive provision, but it raises questions as to whether the ultimate result can be beneficial. The inmates of this school, taken from the workhouse to enjoy, for several years, the advantages of so large an expenditure, have, it will be recollected, to be returned upon society under circumstances greatly to their disadvan-

tage. It is obvious that the result must, in many cases, be dissatisfaction and disappointment.

Analyzing the expenditure of this institution, it would appear that the annual cost of the house expenses, repairs, provisions, and clothing of the inmates exceeds 5,000*l.* The salaries and wages amount to 1,260*l.* The trading expenses to 2,360*l.*, and other charges to about 1,000*l.* per annum. Of the salaries and wages nothing can be said, as no items are given; the Report, however, incidentally mentions that the school is presided over by a chaplain and a matron, under whom there are nearly forty resident subordinates. The trading expenses are composed of the following items:—

Implements for trade	£ 71
Materials for ditto	996
Wages to teachers and others	996
Goods purchased of out-pupils	196
Rewards to pupils	101
	£ 2,360

Against which, on the receipt side of the account, the items are:—

Cash for goods sold	£ 905
Goods supplied from factory for use of school	40
	£ 945

So that the total receipts of this department do not cover the prime cost of the materials, and the whole manufacture is conducted at a dead loss exceeding 1,400*l.* a year, or 150*l.* per cent. upon the outlay. This is exceedingly unsatisfactory, especially having regard to the fact that nothing is paid in wages to the manufacturers, that there are no shop expenses, the goods being sold at the institution itself, and that the articles are equal in quality to any others in the market, and are not sold at a less price.

Another very unsatisfactory feature of this institution is its almost entire dependence upon its property. It has been already remarked in these articles, that whenever a public charity comes to rely upon accumulations instead of depending upon public support, its energy is certain to be deadened. At some period or other the Blind School, as shown by its accounts, must have hoarded large proportions of the provision made for it by the public. To meet its large expenditure it now relies upon the hoard, instead of exerting itself to obtain charitable aid. Its receipts, in 1864, were as follows:—

From subscriptions and donations ..	£ 1,404
" Dividends on stocks	2,739
" Rents	64
" Parish payments for pupils ..	131
" Cash for goods sold	906
" Legacies	2,814
" Sale of stock	2,364
" Sundries	93
	10,605
Cash balances	334
	£ 10,939

Out of this total, therefore, of (say) 11,000*l.*, close upon 8,000*l.* was from dividends, legacies and sales of stock, whilst less than 1,500*l.* arose from annual subscriptions and donations. This case affords another illustration of the feeling of the public respecting charitable institutions possessed of property.

A few years ago, one of the officers of this institution, conscious of the large amount of property of which it stood possessed, the little practical advantages resulting from its large annual expenditure, and the diminishing support of the public, proposed to the Committee a plan for extending its operations. In consequence, an Act of Parliament was obtained enabling the Corporation to grant building leases of the site of the present school buildings (which have a large and advantageous frontage),

to remove the school to some available site beyond the limits of the metropolis, and to attach thereto an hospital for the reception and maintenance of adult blind persons out of funds to be specially subscribed for that purpose. An hospital for the aged blind does not exist, and is much wanted. There can be no objection to the removal of the present asylum to a larger site a short distance from town, on which enlarged buildings could be erected, and more ample conveniences obtained. This idea, therefore, appears unexceptionable, especially as the income of the school will be improved by the occupation of its existing site. We do not know what has been done to carry out the object; but there can be little doubt that the public would willingly support it.

The "London Society for Teaching the Blind," which is located in an excellent situation, close to the Swiss Cottage, St. John's Wood, has very similar objects and pursues much the same system of instruction as the Blind School in St. George's Fields. At both institutions the children are taught to read the Bible in embossed characters; a few of them are taught writing; instruction is given in music; and fancy basket-making, brushmaking, rug-making, and cocoa-nut fibre mat-making are taught to the boys; whilst the girls are instructed in knitting, netting, sewing, fancy hair-work, bead-work, and other occupations.

The prominent distinction between the two institutions is, that whilst in St. George's Fields the inmates are all elected by the subscribers, and are generally taken from the poorest class amongst the blind, in St. John's Wood the greater proportion of the pupils are received on payment, and the inmates are mostly selected from a better class. Including three blind teachers, once pupils in the school, there are 54 inmates of this institution, 28 being males and 26 females. Of these, no less than 38 are paid for by their friends, whilst 13 only are elected by the subscribers; the three teachers making the complement.

The payments made on account of what may be called the "parlour boarder" pupils are 15*l.* or 20*l.* per annum, according to age, means, and other circumstances. It is calculated that 25*l.* is the annual average cost of each scholar in the institution, so that each pupil is received at something less than the cost of maintenance and education. It is, however, evident that an institution worked upon these principles partakes only in a limited degree of the character of a "charity."

A few years ago a schism arose amongst the managers of this Society. The state of its finances was discouraging: its property was mortgaged; its subscription list was very low, and there was a deficit in the annual accounts. The Society, also, in the minds of some of its supporters, was of comparatively small advantage. An average of 50 pupils, of whom a fourth only were free, scarcely seemed to justify the maintenance of a large establishment. It was accordingly proposed to close the institution; and as this was not acceded to, a large proportion of the Committee withdrew. Two or three of the number determined, however, to make an effort with a view to keep the Society afloat. It is an illustration of the extent to which public sympathy runs in favour of the blind that great success attended this endeavour. The Committee have not only been able to liquidate all the liabilities of the establishment, but they have expended large amounts in new buildings, furniture, &c., and have increased their annual income from 1,700*l.* in 1861, to 3,782*l.*, as per last account.

This is gratifying. The *per contra* is, that the practical utility of the institution has not

been in correspondence with the successful result of the appeal. There were 50 pupils in 1861, when the income was 1,700l.; there are only 54 now that the income is double that amount. At the annual election of the current year, we understand that it is not contemplated to increase substantially the number of the scholars. Now, if there are cases well suited for the institution to be left unprovided for, this must appear unsatisfactory. There is ample room in the dormitories and school-rooms of the establishment for an additional number of inmates. The present teachers are amply sufficient to provide for the instruction of an increased number of scholars. "The inadequacy of the kitchen and dining-room accommodation" is offered as one excuse for not receiving additional inmates; but the Committee have lately constructed a new "hall" or "concert-room," which is principally used for bi-monthly musical meetings and lectures, for the benefit of the charity, and which might be usefully appropriated to the purposes of a refectory, like the great hall at Christ's Hospital, which is also used for religious, musical and other exercises.

In the face of the accounts of this institution, the public are entitled to press strongly for its extension. The receipts show—

From Donations and annual subscriptions.....	£500
" Collections after sermons.....	178
" Legacies.....	195
" Donations, &c., at anniversary dinner.....	938
" Proceeds of a fancy sale.....	377
" Miss Counts, for drainage of the ground.....	150
" Donations for an organ.....	196
" Ditto for lighting and warming.....	95
" Boarders' payments.....	579
" Sale of baskets and brushes.....	26
" Sundries and balance.....	48
Total receipts.....	£3,682

There being 54 inmates only of the institution, the public are thus contributing at the rate of no less than 70l. per annum on account of each, whilst the estimated cost of each is only 25l. Making an ample allowance for the extraordinary expenses of this institution, beyond the cost of maintaining and educating the inmates, it is perfectly obvious that the number of scholars should at least be doubled.

The industrial department of this institution does not appear to be more successful than that at St. George's. The trading account shows 221l. expended for materials, teaching and percentage for work done, against only 83l. received for sale of brushes, brooms and baskets. The materials alone appear to have cost 64l. out of the 83l. There is a printing-office attached to the establishment, in which a blind printer is engaged in composing the various books of the Old and New Testaments, the Liturgy, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a book of hymns and a selection of tracts, in Lucas's embossed stenographic characters. The books are supplied to institutions for the blind and otherwise, but the demand for them appears to be limited, and the sale does not cover the cost of production. In one of their reports, the Committee mention that no small amount of capital is invested in the surplus stock of publications, &c. which they have on hand, and that they should be greatly relieved if even a moderate portion could be disposed of at a proper value.

In its limited way, this Society, no doubt, does good, but it appears capable of being made much more extensively useful. It is obvious that at present a very limited amount of benefit is conferred by this institution on the poorer class of blind. The admission of thirteen free scholars is nothing more than a cover for an "annual election," by which the institution gets advertised at the expense of the needy blind themselves. In this department of its operations, the "London Society for

Teaching the Blind" only clashes and conflicts with the "School for the Indigent Blind." It seems to us that by a very little readjustment of the system of the "London Society," the two institutions might be made to work in distinct, though equally useful fields. Among the middle classes there is a painful lack of the means of properly instructing blind children. By limiting their school to paid pupils, and placing it on a self-supporting rather than on a charitable foundation, this Society would meet a public want, and, at the same time, rescue itself from the imputation of unduly interfering with an older institution and of trading upon alms which are not adequately employed. We believe there are members of the institution who know that at present it is not doing enough, and who feel the importance of promoting the principle of self-help. We are satisfied that if the institution were put upon an improved footing, it need not fear any loss of public encouragement.

There is one item of this Society's arrangements which ought to be adverted to, although it is very insufficiently developed. Blind children brought to the schools by their friends in the morning, and taken away again in the evening, are received as "day-pupils," and are permitted, "when convenient" (which it ought to be always), to dine with the boarders upon payment of 6d. or 8d. a day. There are, it appears, about fifteen of these day-scholars at present on the books; but they do not appear all to attend every day. Some of them come from places at a distance. If the number of blind in London is as numerous as it is said to be, this is a branch of the institution which ought to be very valuable, especially as this would seem to be the only example amongst us of a day-school for the blind.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Symbols of Christendom. An Elementary and Introductory Text-Book. By J. Radford Thompson, M.A. (Longmans & Co.)

This is exactly what its title professes, except that, in defect of an index, or absolutely rigid classification of the matter, it is not conveniently available as a book of reference. It is rather a series of very well written lectures on the history of symbolism and the purport of certain symbols of Christian use, than a text-book on symbolism in the closer meaning of the term. For a popular book, likely to interest the reader more deeply in the subject than before, we know none better than this on symbolism and its relations. The author is often eloquent and pathetic; his knowledge is not of that recondite order which makes a difficulty in expression; sometimes he is absurdly wrong in the meanings he ascribes to symbols; and far more frequently he goes out of his way to relate points which are absolutely so trite and obvious that the dullest tyro need not have been informed about them provided he had ever read his Bible. Upon the current excess in symbolism in what is called Ritualism, the final chapter in this book is moderate and discriminating; nevertheless, the element of sentiment which prevails in the preceding chapters will certainly not tend to moderate or restrict the use of those tempting morsels of fancy put in form which go by the name of Ritualistic practices.

The Oxford Reformers of 1498; being a History of the Fellow-Work of John Colet, Erasmus, and Thomas More. By Frederic Seebohm. (Longmans & Co.)

PORTIONS of this volume will be familiar to such readers as have followed the author in the details of his history in the two periodicals in which they have already appeared. In its completed form, this work merits, and should gain, the favour of those who take an interest in the period which it illustrates,—its history, its passions, its politics, and the characters of its principal men, especially such a triad of men as those named in the title-page. The subject is well handled and fairly treated.

Like a circus equestrian riding three horses at once, the author of such a book of parallels, contrasts, and combinations has a difficult task, but not so difficult as it seems. With reins lightly held, a certain grace, and sufficient practice,—with, in short, an inclination for the work to be done, and a thorough knowledge how to do it,—the performance may be satisfactorily accomplished amid the popular applause. In no part of this instructive volume is the idea of the Fellow-work of Colet, Erasmus and More better illustrated than in Mr. Seebohm's remarks on More's 'Utopia,' in which description of the imaginary commonwealth of *Utopia*, *Nusquama*, or *Nowhere*, More embodied his notions on the social and political questions of his day. In the same year, or close upon it, More's friend, Erasmus, published his 'Novum Instrumentum,' a book reflecting the views of the Oxford Reformers, as the 'Utopia' does More's views of society and politics. Both occupy permanent places in European literature. "Still more remarkable is it," says Mr. Seebohm, "that two such works written by two such men should be traceable to the influence, and express the views, of a more obscure but greater man than they. Yet, in truth, half the merit of both these works belongs fairly to Colet." We should add that this book does not contain three separate biographies, but is a summing-up of the lives and deeds of the three great Reformers of their day, executed with grace, cleverness and discrimination; and therewith it has the merit of not being a dry book,—no inconsiderable merit for a work to possess, the subject of which concerns the community at large.

Historia et Cartularium Monasterii Sancti Petri Gloucestriae. Vol. III. Edited by W. H. Hart. (Longmans & Co.)

ALTHOUGH the third volume of Mr. Hart's edition of this portion of the ecclesiastical history of the chief monastery in a county, the piety of which used to be illustrated by the proverb, "As sure as God is in Gloucestershire," is less interesting to the general reader than its predecessors, it is not of less value to the antiquary. This portion is the Cartulary of the Abbey, and it chiefly consists of charters, statutes, leases and other documents, all more or less illustrative of the monastic system, which Mr. Hart upholds with much earnestness and laudation. Perhaps the most curious part of the work to modern readers is a reference to opposite testimonies given by the Cartulary and by Domesday Book. William the First granted Nymdesfeld, in Gloucestershire, to Abbot Wilstan, with sac and soc, but Roger de Berkeley, wittingly or not, entered Nymdesfeld, in Domesday Book, as among the king's lands, "ad mensam regis." The abbot made a stir about the matter, and Nymdesfeld was restored to the monastery. The description, however, in Domesday Book continued and remains. Now, when the subject of tenure by ancient demesne comes before a court of law, an appeal to Domesday Book decides the question; no averment against the evidence of that book has any weight whatever as testimony. But the Gloucester Cartulary proves that Domesday Book contains an error with respect to the land at Nymdesfeld. Now, if the question should ever come before a court of law as to whether Nymdesfeld, or Nymdesfeld, were ancient demesne or not, would the custom of law be broken through, and the Cartulary be allowed to have authority in matters of testimony, against the book which has been hitherto held to be infallible, indisputable, and not to be appealed against? It is a very curious and a very important question; and we agree with Mr. Hart that if the averment against the Domesday Book be supported by collateral evidence, as it is here in the Gloucester Cartulary, there is no reason why the Domesday Book may not receive correction. "It is a valuable record, but it is not infallible."

The End of Life, and the Life that has no Ending.

By the Author of 'Village Missionaries,' &c. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)

THE author of this earnest little book states his object in writing it to be to furnish a corrective to the "consequence of the large supply of religious fiction now placed within the reach of our

younger generation," which consequence, he thinks, has been "the indulgence in a certain amount of distaste for meeting with thoughtful consideration the realities thus clothed or thus disguised." This text is so very plainly and impressively written that it may seem something like hypercriticism to recommend the author to give a little care to the historical part of the religious fancies and thoughts on which the work is founded. Thus we read with amazement that the writer believes Westminster Abbey to be a "cathedral," or the seat of a bishop. That it should be so is much desired by certain Roman Catholic friends of ours; but we believe the sole Bishop of Westminster, whose seat was placed in the church of St. Peter, was Thomas Thirleby, circa 1540. We feel surprise that Messrs. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday, of all publishers, should be sponsors for this opinion of our author's. Moreover, the writer evidently recognizes "Saxon arches" in the facade of the venerable edifice, and imagines Edward the Confessor's structure to be still visible; also, that this monarch was the first man interred therein; and, stranger still, that the choir is not used for divine service. It is a pity that a well-meaning man should blunder thus when a sixpenny guide-book would have saved him. Upon the Abbey and its associations, upon a coal-mine, upon the incidents of a journey of Our Lord's, upon the Atlantic telegraph, a new house of the writer's, and other suggestive points, the author holds forth with much feeling and simplicity, and thus does well for the advancement of his purpose, and produces what is, on the whole, a creditable book.

The Institutes of the Roman Law. Part I. By F. Tomkins, M.A., D.C.L. (Butterworths.) THE first portion of a work upon the Institutes, this volume contains a sound account of the sources and history of the Roman law,—not the less valuable that the author does not appear to aim at originality, either of matter or of treatment. We must, however, remind Dr. Tomkins that a law book without an index is worse than a book of travels without a map, and point out, also, that "a plebeiscita," which occurs twice in a single page, is at the least equal in atrocity to "a phenomena." In the author's advocacy of the study of the Civil Law as a preparation for the construction of a scientific Code we heartily concur, and we are convinced that it is to the thorough knowledge of the principles of Roman legislation possessed by Dr. Maine, and by the present secretary to the legislative department of the government of India, that we owe the logical arrangement and the admirable clearness of definition which make the completed portions of the Indian Code a model for England and an honour to the race. We are of opinion that Dr. Tomkins overrates the direct influence of Roman upon modern English law. Bracton, no doubt, stole half his writings from Justinian; but the portions of Bracton which have lived are precisely those which were not so stolen. We are glad to see an announcement, in the preface, of a treatise 'On the Modern Civil Law.' The ground is not yet filled by any English writer, though Mr. Lindley has verged on it in the notes to his 'Jurisprudence.' Dr. Kaufmann has published, we believe, only the first volume of his American translation of Mackelday's 'Compendium.'

An Explanation of the Popular Weather Prognostics of Scotland on Scientific Principles. By the Rev. Charles Clouston. (Routledge & Sons.) A science in its babyhood, like any other baby, is generally left in the charge of nurses who interpret its articulation after a fashion of their own, and no science has been more subjected to this method of treatment than that of meteorology. Babies have been devoted to the tender mercies of wise women from time immemorial; meteorology has been left in the hands of weather-wise men from the Chaldean prognosticators to those of the present day. It gives us pleasure to review the pamphlet recently published by the Rev. Charles Clouston, a meteorologist of considerable scientific knowledge, and of nearly half-a-century of experience. In the pamphlet he discusses the various popular weather prognostics of Scotland, which were collected

together by Dr. Mitchell, a fellow-countryman of his. In the main we agree with his explanations; they bear the mark of much thought and experience. Perhaps, if we have any fault to find with the author, it is for a certain want of precision, some of the blame of which must rest with the author, and some with the subject. The book is interspersed with several quaint quotations. We ourselves should have added one more in illustration of the prognostic of stormy weather, when the old moon embraces the new. It will be found in the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, and reads thus:—

I saw the auld moon late yestreen
With the new moon on its arm,
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we shall come to harm.

In conclusion, we call our readers' attention to the explanation of the prognostic from the Aurora Borealis, which is decidedly worthy of note.

We have on our Table—*The Poetical Works of Caroline Bowles Southey*, Collected Edition (Blackwood & Sons).—*Joel: a Translation, in Metrical Parallels, according to the Hebrew Method of Punctuation, with Notes and References*, by Adam Clarke Rowley, M.A. (Hamilton & Adams).—*Words from the Poets, for the Use of Parochial Schools and Libraries*, selected by C. M. Vaughan (Macmillan).—*In the Year '43: a Tale of Mecklenburg Life*, by Fritz Reuter, translated from the Platt-Deutsche, by Charles Lee Lewes (Leipzig, Tauchnitz).—*A Month's Tour in Spain in the Spring of 1866*, by John Murray Graham (Blackwood & Sons).—*Three Weeks from Home, through France and Switzerland, over the Alps to Milan, Rome, Pompeii, Florence, Naples, Genoa, &c.: what I saw, and what it cost me*, by John Bradbury (Warne).—*The Events of England in Rhyme: or, a List of the Chief Occurrences of English History, from 55 B.C. to A.D. 1866*, by M. B. C. (Longmans).—*Drawing-room Magic: a Manual of Mystical Mysteries for the Parlour, School or Drawing-room, with numerous illustrative Diagrams* (Cassell, Petter & Galpin). We have also the following Pamphlets: *The Senate of Rome and the Pope*, by Stefano Porcari (Trübner).—*History Vindicated in the case of the Wigtown Martyrs, Margaret Lauchlin and Margaret Wilson, drowned at Wigtown, May 11, 1685, in answer to Mr. Mark Napier's Case for the Crown, in re the Wigtown Martyrs proved to be Myths, &c.*, by the Rev. Archibald Stewart (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas).—*The National Gallery considered in reference to other Public Collections, and to the proposed New Building in Trafalgar Square*, by J. C. Robinson (Toovey).—*The Coal-Field of North Somersetshire*, by Seward W. Bruce (Bemrose & Lothian).—*A Descriptive List of Flint Implements found at St. Mary Bourne*, with Illustrations of the principal Types, with a Sketch of the Geological Features of the Upper Peat Valley, and a List of Fossils from the Upper and Lower Chalk of St. Mary Bourne, Hampshire, by Joseph Stevens (Tennant).—*On the Management and Preservation of Game and Ornamental Birds, and the Laws relating thereto*, with numerous Illustrations (Bemrose & Lothian).—*The Shooter's Diary: or, Forms for registering Game killed during the Year*, adapted for the Individual Sportsman as well as for the total Produce of a Manor, to which is prefixed a List of some of the principal Shooting Districts in the World, by J. C. B. C. (Field Office).—*On Non-Nitrogenized Food in a Physiological Point of View*, by Messrs. Sellar and Stephens (Blackwood & Sons).—*On Disinfection by Eucalyptine, in continuous and regulated Flow*, by Daniel Stone (Manchester, Cave & Sever).—*And The Mixture-Book: or, Mixtures, Pharmacopœial, Hospital and Magistral, their Preparation, Formulae, Doses, leading Uses, and Synonyms, including Quack Medicines*, by Arnold J. Cooley (Hardwicke).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Archibald's Ambition, 12mo. 1/1. swd.
Brice's Coal-Fields of North Somerset, 8vo. 2/ swd.
Chatterton's Oswald of Deira, cr. 8vo. 5/1.
Church's (The Broken Unity, Vol. 1, ed. by Bennett, 12mo. 3/6 cl.
Clarke's Letters Home from Spain, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Confucius, Life and Teachings of, Notes by Legge, 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Contes et Critiques Françaises, by author of 'Amy Herbert,' 6/1.
Darwin's Sermons on Important Subjects, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Essays on Religion and Literature, ed. by Manning, 2nd Series, 14/ Garbett's Sermons to Children, 12mo. 1/6 cl.

Hamilton's Subjunctive of the Greeks and Latins, 8vo. 5/1.
Herbert's Sketches by the Wayside, 8vo. 7/8 cl.
Intermediate State: a Poem, 12mo. 3/6 cl.
Jeffrey's British Conchology, Vol. 4, cr. 8vo. 12/ cl.
Lake's (Claude) Poems, 7mo. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Last (The) Thirty Years in a Mining District, post 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Murray's Confessions of Gerald Eastcourt, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Model Steam Engine, 12mo. 1/1. swd.
Murray's Handbook of Gloucester, &c., 12mo. 6/6 cl.
Scott's Partisan Life with Mosby, 8vo. 16/1.
Squire on Unhealthy Skin, 12mo. 1/6 swd.
Symington's The Vernons of Holly Mount, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Transactions of National Association, 1866, ed. by Hastings, 8vo. 12/1.
Tryler's Diamond Road, 12mo. 3/1 cl.
White's First Latin Exercise Book, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Wood's The Curate's Friend, cr. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Wright's Uterine Disorders, 8vo. 7/8 cl.
Wyatt's Political Review of Austro-Italian War of 1866, 8vo. 6/1.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

Bekesbourne, July 27, 1867.
Captain Burton's remarks on the question of one lake or two lakes in South-eastern Africa, which Dr. Livingstone went out to determine, induce me to ask your permission to refer in your columns to an article headed 'The Great Lake of Southern Africa,' written by me in Mauritius, and published in the *Athenæum* of July 12th, 1856 (No. 1498, pp. 67, 68), in which I recorded the testimony of Mohammed bin Khamis, the son of Khamis bin Othman, Mr. Cooley's informant, in favour of two lakes, instead of a single one, as insisted on by that gentleman; and I also stated that, "in a letter written on the 6th of November, 1851, to Prof. Berghaus, and published by him in his *Geographisches Jahrbuch* for the same year, p. 62, I gave it as my decided opinion that the routes to the two lakes obtained by Mr. Cooley from native sources had been mixed up and erroneously applied by him to a supposed single lake."

I would desire further to refer to my paper 'On the Nile and its Tributaries,' communicated to the Royal Geographical Society in 1846, and printed in the 17th volume of their *Journal*, in which, when describing the Upper Nile, I said (p. 80), "In the dry season its bed would indeed almost seem to consist of a succession of lakes and swamps, rather than to be the channel of a running stream," and in a foot-note I added, "May not Lake Zambeze or N'yassi be the continuation of this series of lakes? In this case it would be simply the upper course of the Nile. N'yassi, according to Mr. Cooley, means 'the sea'—that is to say, the bahr of the Arabs and Abyssinians, which term is used to signify not only a sea or a lake, but also a large river."

At the time when this article in the *Society's Journal* was written, now upwards of twenty years ago, I was a disciple of Mr. Cooley as regards the geography of Africa beyond the limits of Abyssinia and the Basin of the Nile, and so I continued to be till he disowned me in the *Athenæum* of March 19th, 1849 (No. 1125, p. 516), because I had presumed to think a little for myself. It was on his authority that I altered the name "Zambre" to "Zambeze," and spoke of the Lake now known by the designation of Tanganyika, as "N'yassi, or the Great Lake of Southern Africa."

CHARLES BEKE.

HANNAH LIGHTFOOT.

7, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, July 30, 1867.
IN attempting, in the *Athenæum* of the 6th of July, to explain the fact of the celebrated portrait at Knole of "Mrs. Axford, the Fair Quakeress," not being represented in the garb of a Quaker, I ventured to observe that—"If I have rightly read the 'Rules of Discipline of the Society of Friends,' her 'disownment' from their body had been the inevitable consequence of her conduct." &c. I am now enabled to state positively that such was the case. By the kindness and liberality of the Society of Friends, I have had communicated to me extracts of their interesting proceedings in respect to this mysterious business; by which it appears that, on the 3rd of March, 1756, after repeated endeavours to discover the place of Hannah Lightfoot's abode, and to intimate to her the intention of the Society to "give forth a testimony of denial against her," they formally pronounced her disownment. "We therefore," runs the sentence, "being desirous, as much as in us lies, to clear the truth which we profess and ourselves from any aspersions which, through the misconduct of the said Hannah Light-

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foot, may be cast upon Friends, do hereby testify against such her proceedings as aforesaid, and disown her for the same, as one with whom we can have no fellowship until, from a penitent mind and true contrition of heart, she shall be induced to signify her unfeigned sorrow for her offence. And that this may be her case is what we truly desire."

J. HENEAGE JESSE.

STONE CELTS.

Athena, July 10, 1867.

The letter of Sir John Lubbock in the *Athenæum*, June 22, relating to the existence of stone celts in Assam, and that they are supposed, there as elsewhere, to have fallen from heaven, leads me to think that some information concerning similar stone instruments, found in Greece, may be interesting.

Many years ago, I observed that the fragments of obsidian, not flint, found in the tumulus at Marathon, called Persian arrow-heads, were remains of stone instruments, which were scattered about in the soil before it was heaped up as a tumulus. Similar chips of obsidian are found in considerable quantity in every part of Greece and of the islands of the Archipelago where I have had an opportunity of looking for them. I have picked up several in the rocky island of Hydra (*Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, 4to. 1839, Vol. III. p. 392). My attention has ever since been directed to the relics of the stone period in Greece, but for a long time without much success. Within the last few years I have succeeded in collecting a few stone hatchets or chisels. Mr. Noel presented me with a hatchet, of green stone, found on his property in Eubœa; and he has lately procured for me a small copper instrument, which appears to belong to the transition period, when the use of metal was discovered, but the form of stone celts was retained. Mr. Merlin, our vice-consul at Athens, presented me with two celts, of basalt, found at the Boeotian Orchomenus; and Mr. Constatine, the well-known photographer, presented me with a fine stone hatchet, which he found himself at Athens. Two others, somewhat similar, have been found in the Acropolis.

Three stone instruments found in Greece, which came lately into my possession, appear to resemble the celt found in Assam. They were brought to me, from the Peloponnese, by a dealer in coins, whom I requested to procure for me as many "thunder-bolts" as he could find, for the modern Greeks call these stones *ἀστραπέλικα*, and, I suppose, the ancient Greeks called them *κεραυνοὶ βελοὶ*, just as the French now call them *ceramiques*, and the Germans *Donnerkeile*. The great weight of these three stones attracted my attention to them. But it was another, which I purchased subsequently, which induced me to conjecture that originally these stone instruments were formed from aerolites; and hence the name has a logical origin. This last is of a reddish black colour, and is marked with small lines and spots having a metallic lustre, which form part of its substance. It is not so heavy in proportion as the three already mentioned, but it is heavier than one of basalt and one of green serpentine of the same size.

I subjoin a note of the size and weight of the pieces in question.

I have, at different times, picked up myself three curious fragments of obsidian, cut with wonderful art. They were all found on the arid land towards Cape Zoster, where there are many tumuli containing Hellenic tombs. The only part of Greece where obsidian of the same kind has been discovered is the island of Melos, and it occurs there in considerable quantity.

I must observe that many of these stone instruments bear marks of having been ground. This may have been done by jewellers at different periods, for they have been used for ages as touch-stones.

I send you a sketch of the size of all the objects in question, as well as a note of their weights.

GEORGE FINLAY.

TRADITIONAL LEGENDS OF THE BASQUES.

No. II.

OF the Basque tradition "Gau-Illa," Señor Araquistain observes, "It is disjointed, but the strains have a sweet melancholy, peculiar to themselves. Valueless as a model of literary taste, it still remains curious as a monument of the original habits and customs of a people but little known at present, and less at the period to which the legend refers." Señor Araquistain fills in prose explanations here and there as connecting links. Such will have but little interest to those who prefer the legend in its unartistic, unfinished, but genuine state. The plot of the story is this. The Lord of the Tower of Alos marries in early life; his wife dies after having given birth to a daughter; the husband after a time marries again. According to the Basque refrain, "Junac-Jun" ("When we die we are buried"), second marriages are usually unfortunate ventures; and the present case proves to be no exception to the rule. While engaged in the wars, a son is secretly born in the tower of Alos, but of which Don Beltran is not the father. He hears of it, and determines to counterfeit death to see how his wife will act. At the moment when all are gathered round the bier, the illegitimate son is about to stab the daughter by the first wife. Don Beltran seizes the poignard, and buries it in his heart. The stepmother and her daughters take the veil, Alos-Usua and her father retire to the home of the son-in-law, where they all dwell happily together; the tower of Alos remaining for evermore tenanted.

The following lines are supposed to be the outpourings of the daughter's grief and shame when the stepmother and her children are gathered round the father's bier:—

For seven sad years I entered not within these well-loved walls,
And on the eighth, alas! death's shade around me falls:

My father Beltran's corse lies pale and cold in yonder silent room;
I wring my hands in grief and weep for such a father's doom.

When my lady-mother gave me birth a thousand fowls died,
And seven fierce and maddened bulls were baited just outside.

I, knowing naught, lay locked in sleep on soft and downy bed.
My mother, pure as virgin snow, hath gilt curtains round her head.

The Jorral-danza ends; they cry, The lady-mother's dead.
And so I grew to maidenhood, and yearned for heart of truth.

Of all Vidania was my father's choice a plain and hare-brained youth;
And when he came to woo, so shy, I wept full sore in truth.

I would not change for all the world, he's so loving, kind,
And true,—

Not for a king with flowing locks, all clad in armour new.
My father, when I wedded him, gave me my lawful dower.

In measures heaped full high with wheat; of my mother's share the whole.

My lord he loves me as his soul; my life's a dream of joy.
Oh! how he wept great tears of pride when he kissed our new-born boy.

Oh, towers of Alos, Alos towers, how wide and steep thy stair!
One night there came with stealthy step he who no right had there.

My father, with his vassals bold, had gone to fight the Moor;
And he who came with stealthy foot enter'd by stealth the door.

I dreamed that, spinning late one day, the black doe came a-crying,
"Cua, Cua," 'neath the window; "thy lordly father's dying."

I raise my golden distaff high to chase the doe away:
I wake to hear heart-breaking news, ere night-dooms kill the day.

Who dared to mount those sacred stairs while my father's in Castle?

"Silence, base daughter of a mother vile! my poignard's sharpest steel."

"Stand back, thou bastard son, thou base-born, low, and vile!

Such words would pass not any lips save thine, thou full of guile!"

The sin's not thine, Sir Cavalier; oh, why did she so fall!
White fingers covered o'er with rings have thy smiling sisters all;

Their mantles bright with loveliest hues, their hearts all full of gall,
Their eyes all smiles; while mine, alas! rain sad and bitter tears.

Thy mother smiles contentment sweet; hath she no hidden fears

When my lordly father first went forth to fight in brave Castle?

In deadly silence saw the light a son of shame unal;
This blot upon our Vascon race I weep in bitter shame.
In Zaran he dwells; blanch not, lady, at his name.

For the daughter now sad bitter tears and days of weary woe.

For the father naught but death—a grave beneath the snow.
Who hath brought this grievous stain upon Alos towers high?

Dear Father, well hast thou done to lie thee down and die.

The opening stanza in Basque is as follows:—

Eche eder leyo bague onetan,
Er naiz sartu zarpit urte albetan,
Eta Zortzi garrenian
Neretatz zorigaitzian
Alta Beltranen, giltzian.

Señor Araquistain gives the equivalent Castilian:—

Hace siete años que no he entrado en esta hermosa casa,
Sin ventanas, y (vengo) en el octavo por desdicha mía,
Por la muerte de mi padre Beltran.

F. W. C.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

UNDER the presidency of the Archbishop of York, the members of the Archaeological Institute met at Kingston-upon-Hull on Tuesday morning. The mayor, Mr. Loft, gave the antiquaries a very hearty welcome, and after some formal matters had been gone through, the President delivered his inaugural address:—

In acknowledging with grateful thanks the compliment which has been paid to me by this learned and valuable Society, in nominating me its President for the present year, I take the earliest opportunity of disclaiming all intention of instructing in the subject of archaeology the learned audience now assembled before me. He who knows nothing of a subject ought not even to venture to speak of it in the presence of those who know much. But I am here to-day not as your instructor, but as the spokesman of all classes of the inhabitants of this great county, and especially of this ancient seignory of Holderness, to tell the members of the Archaeological Institute that they are heartily welcome amongst us, and that on the one side we are proud that they have thought this sea-beaten corner of the island worth a visit, whilst we believe on the other that there is hardly any portion of the Queen's dominions richer in those monuments and remains which archaeologists love to study. We may be proud of the two churches in Hull, Holy Trinity and St. Mary, the former inviting and the latter having received a wise and liberal restoration. Hedon, a town which even in the time of Edward the First languished in poverty, fearing the nearness of the two rivals, Ravensrod and Hull, increasing from day to day—Hedon, which in the time of Edward the Third confessed that its commerce depended upon a sewer called the Sturch, along which boats used to pass to the borough, and that the said sewer was dried up, has managed to preserve for us a church worthy of a more flourishing and numerous population; and we cannot wonder that it bears some marks of decay. Unlike Hedon, which contains examples of various styles, the beautiful church at Patrington is of one period, the Decorated, and has the symmetry of one design. Its graceful spire, for which one is thankful in a country where a height of 190 feet is almost mountainous, its noble oak roof, its beautiful proportions, entitle it to be called, after the fashion of county histories, "The Glory of Holderness."

A writer describing it in 1840 (Wm. Poulson) speaks of its ruinous condition. But it is already partly restored, and the present incumbent has shown such zeal in so arduous an undertaking that the completion of it cannot be a matter of doubt. Of the Abbey of Meaux, the remains are very small, but the archaeologists have to thank Mr. Edward Levine for publishing a volume of MSS. relating to this important house, and amongst them a chronicle of its government and doings. Further from us, but within easy reach and embraced in the scope of the present meeting, the Minster of Beverley, and St. Mary's Church in the same place, now worthily restored, the Priory Church at Bridlington, the Abbey Church of Selby, the Church at Driffild, possessing, we are told, an effigy of Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, Howden with its Chancel and Chapter-house in ruins, and fast disappearing, Thornton Abbey and the remains of the Abbot's house, which are to be explained by one who has studied domestic architecture with the greatest success; all these and many other monu-

ments of the piety and skill of ages long gone will pass before us, and will be lectured upon by those whose knowledge may be trusted. Let us hope that with such a programme the veteran supporters of this Society may carry away with them pleasant recollections, even new information, from this meeting; let us hope that the novices whom they meet here, a body over whom I should have many claims to preside, may retain the instruction that they are certain to receive, and may catch the infection of that fervent zeal for the past which animates this and the sister Association. In reading the *Transactions* of the sister society, to which I happen to belong, I am struck with the moderation of the present race of archaeologists in fixing the limits of their science, and in the method which they pursue within those limits. Archaeology is a science of the remote past, but this general description would include ethnology, the history of languages, and the study of ancient written records, or paleography. Archaeology, according to one authority, should be content to separate herself from all these tempting subjects, and to confine herself to the study of the works of human skill, which indicate the growth and social condition of man. A boundary line so artificial as this is likely to be transgressed from time to time. The charter, the chronicle and the will are often appealed to, although the object of the science is not the written documents, but they are used not so much for the written thought as for some tangible monument on which they may throw light, not so much for the development of mind they contain as for their account of things produced by manual skill. The charter illustrates for us some church, castle or abbey; the will with its inventory of household possessions admits us to the interior of a dwelling which we can by no other means reproduce, as it was upon the day when the possessor left it never to return. The main business of archaeology is with the work of men's hands. For my own part, I would venture to submit that, in taking for its materials all the materials of history, archaeology would do better still. I am glad to see a department of history connected with this Institute. Now this boundary is a very narrow and artificial one, but within it the archaeologist has learnt to prescribe to himself rigid rules of method. You know that every science consists of two parts, the collection of facts, and the grouping of the facts when collected under some idea, or law, or principle, call it what we will. A French writer tells us that in the course of their history sciences pass through three stages—the theological, and the metaphysical and the positive. I prefer to say that sciences are found in three conditions—the first where facts are scanty, and theory too active; the next where facts have been industriously collected, but theory has not been applied for their due interpretation; and the last or perfect condition where facts have been abundantly supplied, and theory has been used with sobriety, and yet with bold sagacity, for their explanation. Now the greatest peril to science has always been on the side of the tendency to theorize overmuch. The hypothesis, too swift of foot for the laggard experience, has left her behind. Bacon, in the sixteenth century, usually has the credit of awakening the world of science from a speculative dream to a sober experience; but the remarks of Leonardo da Vinci and others show that this was felt by other minds. Bacon was the spokesman for his generation, of an intuition which perhaps no one else could have expressed so well or with so large a result. Now, the temptation which besets all physical sciences perhaps assails archaeology with the greatest force and success. Over the restored building or the exhumed relic, the feelings of wonder, reverence, respect and curiosity are aroused: who can wonder that the theory, or rather guess, is prompt, or that it is ambitious? Dr. Stukeley wrote in 1740 that the church at Driffield was very old, and contained an effigy of Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York. I probably do him no wrong in saying that the only evidence connecting the *baso-relievo* which still exists in the church with my great predecessor was that Paulinus was the first and most illustrious Archbishop, and that there was no particular reason against fixing his

name to the ecclesiastic with a crozier whom he found at Driffield. Stukeley was a wild and speculative inquirer, and in such hands archaeology had not advanced very much beyond the monks of Meaux, who record that in the reign of Henry the Second "the bones of King Arthur and of Guinevere, his Queen, were discovered at Glastonbury," and were distinguished by most unmistakable marks, for Arthur's thigh-bone exceeded by three fingers the length of the tallest man's thigh-bone that had ever been found when measured down to the knee. Moreover, the space between his eyebrows was of the breadth of the palm of a man's hand. One understands the mistake which makes artless monk and credulous doctor hasty to make over to saint and hero the first great and worthy thing that imagination can manage to connect with their names. But guesses of this kind are not archaeology, and it makes little difference in our estimate of them whether they happen to be right or wrong; they tend to bring the whole subject into ridicule and disrepute. Many people think to this day of a museum of antiquities as a collection of stones and potsherds ticketed into dignity by falsehoods, and divide collectors into two classes—those who deceive themselves, and those who would deceive other people. Modern archaeologists do not, upon the whole, deserve this harsh estimate. In the transactions of both our English societies there is a remarkable caution and sobriety. To avoid a groundless theory seems to have become, as it were, part of the moral code of the archaeologist. The time for theories, it seems to be admitted, begins when the collection of facts has been large and general, and as exhaustive as the subject seems to admit. Archaeology has passed through the same stages as the other sciences. Once astronomy and chemistry were bare of facts but full of dreams. But she was born late; and her earlier trips and stumbles took place amongst her grown-up sisters, who make merry with her failures, yet the ridicule has stimulated her efforts, and no science walks more firmly or more truly along the line of induction. But ever and again the ardent curiosity and impatience for symmetry will lead us again into hasty generalizations. The theory of three periods—the stone age, the bronze age, and the iron age—has been carried too far; and in assigning a place to any weapon or other implement, people often forget that long after bronze and iron were discovered, stone might continue to be used among the poorer and less civilized, whilst in our own country it is very probable that the iron instrument preceded the composite metal bronze, which was in use on the Continent. At present one cannot help thinking that many of those who explain to us lacustrine dwellings of early times, and the buried flint implements, and the inhabited caves, have far outstripped the facts at their disposal. An enormous antiquity has been claimed for earthen vessels found about the lake dwellings, on the ground that the lake dwellings must be enormously old, but an archaeologist sets them aside by side with vessels known to be of the fifth and sixth centuries after Christ, of the sort known as Anglo-Saxon, and finds the form the same. Surely this marked similarity of form is worth more than any mere speculation as to what the age of the lake dwellings ought to have been. And this brings me to consider a little more closely the work of the archaeologist, and to recognize its dignity and worth. Archaeology might be called the microscope of history; and we know that without the microscope neither geology nor physiology could have reached its present exactness. Ehrenberg computed that every cubic inch of a stratum of Tripoli powder, at Bilin, in Bohemia, contains 41,000,000,000 of the *Gallionella distans*, and this bit of stone or pinch of powder, a thousand times more populous than this island of men and women, would have kept its wealth of life a secret only for the microscope. One may say that without this instrument the science of physiology could not exist. The services which archaeology render to history are of the same kind, and in the end they will probably not be less. For example, the French constitutional charter of 1814 sets forth as an admitted fact of history, that King Louis le Gros, being in full pos-

session of kingly power throughout France, had seen fit to modify his power by the enfranchisement of the communes, or, in other words, the granting of municipal charters. But the King really possessed full power only in the districts lying between the Somme and the Loire, and with the establishment of communes in Burgundy or Brittany the King could have nothing to do. But when one looks into the enfranchisement, one sees that there was little enough of this gracious surrender of actual right. In case of Noyon, it appears from old records that the cathedral clergy and the burghers were often at war. "Of the peace made between us and the burghers," is an entry found more than once in the cathedral annals. A bishop, wishing to put an end to this, and to avert a popular outbreak, called a meeting of the whole town, and submitted to them a charter prescribing the mode of admission to the freedom of the commune, the duties of the burghers in war, and the mode of punishment for bloodshed; and the charter runs in the name of the bishop, and the punishment for its violation is the pain of excommunication. The whole transaction is very different from that which was in the mind of those that mentioned it in the constitutional charter. It was the act of an enlightened bishop in order to appease the irritation of an incensed population against a body of clergy both strong and oppressive, and the share of the King in the transaction seems to be the least. He permitted to combine for self-preservation those whom he could not completely protect. And it is by the minute inspection of the facts of each age that we are able to correct the fallacies, which the very names which history employs cover. The France of that day was not the France that now feels one powerful central government through all its length and breadth. The word King in that day was very different from the word when applied to Louis the Fourteenth; and the value of this minute inspection is not merely that it reveals curious matters that were unknown before, but that it dissipates so much fallacy. To take an English example, not foreign perhaps to this moment, when one finds in the time of Edward the Third memorials addressed to the King by the inhabitants of a town, demanding justice against some sheriff for having conferred the enfranchisement on them, saying that they were "maliciously compelled to send men to Parliament," our notions receive a certain shock. It is plain that we have possessed representative institutions longer than we have appreciated them. History repeats itself. Can it be that that mysterious entity, the compound householder, will hereafter turn round and revile the able leader of the House of Commons for having maliciously compelled him to send men to Parliament, and for having as part of the machinery of his measure permitted the cold shadow of the rate-collector to darken his doorway? My Lords and Gentlemen, yours is a young science in a rich world; upon the face of this country we find marks of two primeval races, and the monuments of the Roman power abound, and York itself is called a "second Rome." Anglo-Saxons, Danes and Normans have written their names upon its page. Almost ninety religious houses received those who sought peace in flying from an unquiet world, instead of doing battle with its trials. Its churches are marvellous for their grandeur. Ten or twelve that are fit to be cathedrals might easily be counted. More than one great national struggle has steeped the soil in blood. These successive strata of our social and religious development have been very imperfectly examined as yet, and before a systematic history of their formation is written, patient, plodding, self-denying observation will have much to do. That much is being done, at this moment we are all aware. Next to the soil of England, perhaps Englishmen are most interested in that country from whence the Word of life has come to them—the land which the Lord made holy by His footsteps—the land which for eighteen centuries seems to have been mourning in ashes the crime of having done Him to death. We could not stand in Nazareth, embosomed in its low and rounded hills—we could not shelter from the heat under one of the aged olives of the Mount of Olives—without our hearts

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burning within us as with a sense of greater nearness to the Heavenly. We of the English Church, known in those Eastern lands as "Christians of the Book," have studied with peculiar care the scenes that throw light upon the Bible. Strange to say, the archaeology of Palestine is still in its infancy. The jealousy of Mohammedans, and not less the jealousy of Christian sects towards each other, have hindered us from using the proper means; and the traveller has stood guessing and theorizing upon some mound of earth under which perhaps lay buried the monuments that would have solved the riddle and set the guesses at rest. We have hardly broken ground in Palestine, though we know that the evidence we seek must be buried under the soil. But here, too, a beginning has been made. Our Government has lately published an elaborate work full of exact measurements and plans, and photographic reproductions. A society has been formed for the exploration of Palestine, and a fortnight since I pleaded the cause of this society in a long interview with Fud Paasha, the powerful minister of the Sultan, who promised that every aid should be given to our explorers that was consistent with public order. "The Turkish Government," he said, "is tolerant to all, but the danger lies in the fanaticism of Christians against each other. We, too," he added, "believe in Christ, the Son of God, born of the Virgin, ascended into heaven; only the Crucifixion we do not believe." That is still to Jews a stumbling-block, to Gentiles foolishness. But with larger powers our little society will pursue its work so far as its means allow, and a word of sympathy and a word of prayer from members of this body will be valuable to us. The world is great and rich, and full of the bounties of its Maker. But to me, its richest products are the thoughts of men sent forth with the stamp of their Maker, but marred and defaced so that you can hardly read the image and superscription. These creatures crowned with glory and honour, your science undertakes to follow in their sorrows and joys and strivings after good. You study monuments from love of peaceful arts, of fiery warfare, of worship and domestic comfort, and social order, and death and growth of races and decay. The subject is great indeed; it can only become contemptible when students without reverence or soberness discredit it with flippant guesses and frivolous conceits. To collect and decipher with the patience and diligence that such a great subject—the monumental history of distant ages—requires, is a task for the best minds; and we that stand by will admire and welcome you in the doing of it, and assist you if our power should reach so far.

The party proceeded to visit the public places of interest in the town, beginning at the Grammar School. After seeing the Grammar School, the party went to the Holy Trinity Church, by the West entrance, where the restored portion of the church was well seen. Several ancient plans and drawings of the town, besides ancient manuscripts, were placed on the table by the Brethren of the Trinity House for examination. From thence the visitors proceeded to St. Mary's Church, where the Rev. J. Scott described its architectural beauties; after which High Street was explored—Mr. J. Symons acting as guide—beginning at Wilberforce House, formerly the residence of Sir John Lister, who entertained King Charles the First; the room in which Wilberforce was born was the principal point of attraction; after which the party passed on to George Yard, where the old porch and other relics were pointed out. Merchant's Marks were also noticed; then to the Old King's Head, where Taylor, the water-poet, was entertained in the reign of King Charles. A dinner given by the Mayor, and a *soirée*, completed a very busy and interesting day's work.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

FAVOURÉD by fine weather, a large party of antiquaries met on Monday in the good old town of Ludlow—some account of which will be found in another column,—and began their business in the hearty English fashion, by dining together in public. Sir C. H. Rouse Boughton, of Downton Hall (at which seat he entertained the members

on the following day) presided, and delivered the inaugural address.—Sir Charles said he remembered when, many years ago, he lived at the Old Priory at Wenlock, very little was said against the former owner of the ruin, who had pulled portions of it down to provide materials to build cottages; but great indignation was expressed against another individual who, a quarter of a century ago, committed offence by knocking off a nose from one of the corbels. That circumstance demonstrated how much antiquarian taste had improved, that the entire destruction of a ruin should excite less indignation in one generation than the abstraction of an unfortunate corbel's nose in this day. He felt it would be presumption in him to attempt to read a lecture to the higher classes of the inhabitants of Ludlow, who had done so much in our days not only by the creation of water-works, the amelioration of its drainage, the establishment of markets, of schools, and of reading-rooms for the modern wants of its inhabitants, but who had largely burdened themselves to make their church what it now was,—the finest ecclesiastical edifice in Shropshire. To the inhabitants of such a town no amateur archaeologists need offer any advice. But there were other members of society who did not always see the real value of archaeological remains, and who did an infinity of mischief sometimes in knocking off corbels' noses. To all such he would say that they were not marching with the intelligence, the refinement, or the education of the present day, when they destroyed or permitted the destruction of archaeological remains—relics which, once destroyed, no commercial success could ever replace. He referred to the local historians of the district, citing the names of men, living and dead, who had contributed to illustrate and elucidate that history,—the late Mr. Botfield, who so long represented Ludlow in Parliament, Messrs. Wright, Duke, Pigeon, Archdeacon Owen, Blakeney, R. Anderson, Nightingale, and a host of other Shropshire writers. He might remind them that it was in that neighbourhood—at Berrington, near Shrewsbury—that an individual was born in the reign of Edward the Fourth who was still living in the time of Charles the First—that old, old, very old man, Thomas Parr, whose life he should be happy to show them when they came to visit him at Downton Hall. He proposed to say nothing to them that evening of all the ancient remains in that locality—the British earthwork, the Druidical remains, the Roman camp and town, the Norman abbey, the Plantagenet castles with which that part of the country was so thickly studded; but he trusted his archaeological friends would bear with him if for a moment he reminded them of how much of interest lay at their very feet. If they would learn all that was known of the early history of Ludlow and the solitary time the inhabitants must have had, they could consult no better authority than Wright's History. Others had chronicled the subsequent feuds in which their Castle was engaged, and how different great men were alternately lords of the Castle and inmates of its dungeons. It was here, probably, that the great victories of Mortimer Cross, Wigton, Barnet, and Tewkesbury, were planned; and here, probably, the forces were rallied after the great defeats of Ludford, Wakefield, St. Albans, and others. But it was not only as a stronghold of war that Ludlow Castle appealed to their sympathies; for, after these tribulations had passed, it became the chosen residence of royalty. Could these old walls speak, how many a story of the courtly revelries of the Princes of York might they not unfold; how much of misery might they not divulge! But 365 years ago the saddest scene of all was presented when the funeral cortege departed from those gates with the remains of Prince Arthur for their last long home under Worcester Cathedral, after a short period of happiness in wedded life with the lovely Katherine of Arragon. Then, again, it was here that the lofty intellect of Milton first drew attention in his 'Comus,' and here Butler's satirical pen was wielded. Passing over the government of Sir Henry Sidney, they came to the time when, stripped of its roof, the old border rallying place of centuries, the Castle, became the ruin it now was. They might almost say of it as Sir E. Coke said three hundred years ago:

—"Si antiquitatem spectes est vetustissima, si dignitatem honoratissima." If they would gather something from these antiquarian reminiscences, they might ask themselves how careful the thought ought to make them when they reflected who the men were that quietly viewed the destruction of Ludlow Castle, and how anxious they should be that posterity should not pass on them the same verdict as we did on those before us. Those days which saw the ruin of this fortress were not the days of what was called a barbarous age, but were the days when Swift and Congreve lashed the most prominent of our national vices; they were the days when the *Spectator* and the *Tatler* charmed our forefathers with the wit of Steele and Addison; the days when Bolingbroke, Pope, Arbuthnot and others gave to the world a literature which is still among our most cherished possessions. If, then, there was much to cause them to mix regret with pleasure in viewing Ludlow Castle, he was glad to say no such mingled feelings need be entertained with respect to Ludlow Church. Sir Charles briefly sketched a history of the church, which he said had gone through three periods—a period of splendour, a partial eclipse, and a perfect revival. He then referred to other ancient remains in the town—the old town walls and one of the original gateways still standing, sites of two priories, and half-timbered gabled houses, and acknowledged the invitations received from the Mayor and Corporation of Ludlow, Lord Northwick, Lady Mary Clive and Mr. Knight of Downton, to visit Oakley Park, Burford, Downton Castle, &c. He should also himself have pleasure in receiving the Association at Downton Hall, though he had not much of antiquarian interest to show them.

Next day, under the guidance of Mr. Thomas Wright, the members went by train to Bitterly, whence the heights of the Titterstones were reached, and the ancient remains there were carefully explored. Previous to ascending the hill, the party were invited to the Rectory, where the Rev. Mr. Walcot displayed a store of antiquarian treasure. After dining with the President at Downton Hall, the party returned to Ludlow; where, later in the evening, a meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, a paper was read by Mr. T. Wright, 'Remarks on Early Churchwarden Accounts.' The accounts were those of Ludlow Church, and among other curious items they set forth how, in the year 1543, when Richard Water and Moris Philipps were churchwardens, the sum of sevenpence was "payd Thomas Pavy's sonne for whippynge doges out of the church," and how, a few years later, Thomas Season received tennence for "gowninge up into the stiple on wyndy nyghtes to save the glase then in the windowys."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Hon. Robert Curzon has just presented to his fellow members of the Roxburghe Club a volume called 'Bokes of Nurture and Keruyng.' It is an edition in quarto of part of a volume on Manners and Meals in Olden Time, that has long been in preparation for the Early English Text Society, and which is now ready, but which the Society's small income (500*l.* instead of 1,000*l.*) and the number of important works they have in hand, oblige them to postpone issuing till next year. The first 'Boke of Nurture' is one by John Russell, usher and marshal to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, "good Duke Humphrey," about 1420-44 A.D., and has, oddly enough, been overlooked by all former writers on the subject. It is the most minute and interesting treatise on the management of a noble's household in the fifteenth century that has yet been printed, exceeding even the very valuable but more general 'Boke of Curtasye,' edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society. It describes how the Duke was dressed, undressed and put to bed; how his bed was made, his table laid, his pew and bath prepared; what dishes he ate on flesh days and fish days, and what grand *Sotetes* or *Devises* were prepared for his feasts. Elaborate directions for carving joints and fish of all kinds are given, as well as for making hippocras, taking care of wines, &c., and how people are to behave at table. A curious picture of mediæval life it presents, and the notes to it contain much curious matter too. 'The Boke

of Keruyng' is a reprint of the second edition of Wynkyn de Worde's, and it has been printed because it proves to be a prose version of Russell's verse, the rhymes being chopped off, and some additions being made. A most barefaced plagiarism of the old printer's does his 'Keruyng' turn out to be. The other 'Boke of Nurture' is a reprint of the 1577 edition of Hugh Rhodes's. A Devonshire man was Rhodes, one of the singers in Henry the Eighth's Chapel. Of Petit's early edition of this book only one copy is known, and that is incomplete. No copy of a later edition before that of 1577 could be obtained last year, and so that was reprinted. But quite lately unique copies of two editions before 1577 have been seen in the fine library of the Rev. Mr. Corser, of Stand, near Manchester. The book contains a long expansion of the well-known "Stans Puer ad Mensam," and a long string of moral and prudential maxims for the waiting-servant and people in general, besides some counsel about the bringing-up of children, and how servants should wait at table, make beds, &c. The book is an interesting contrast to Russell, though by no means so valuable for its picture of household economy. A set of woodcuts is added to the Roxburghe volume.

Mr. Arthur E. Durham has been elected President of the Quekett Microscopical Society, in the place of Mr. Ernest Hart, who retires. This young society has already received the support of 273 members.

For once the ladies have had a run on the Civil List, carrying away the lion's share of the literary pensions. Out of the 1,200*l.* distributed by Lord Derby, ladies have received 710*l.* The following are the particulars:—Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, the female emigrant's friend, 100*l.*; Lady Harris, widow of the inventor of a new lightning conductor, 100*l.*; four daughters of the late Dr. Petrie, 100*l.*; Mrs. Carpenter, widow of Print-room Carpenter, 100*l.*; the two Misses Arbutnot, whose father was in the Treasury, 100*l.*; Mrs. Sykes, whose husband was in the South Kensington Museum, 75*l.*; Mrs. D. Coulton, 75*l.*; two daughters of the late Prof. Craik, 60*l.* The rest was given as follows:—to the Rev. J. Berkeley, 100*l.*; to Dr. Hassall, 100*l.*; George Cruikshank, 95*l.*; to Mr. P. F. White, 75*l.*; to Mr. Robert Young, the Irish "poet," 40*l.*; Mr. G. T. Thomason, 40*l.*; Mr. J. H. Doogood, 40*l.*

The author of twenty-three of the thirty chapters in 'Our Soldiers and the Victoria Cross,' &c., noticed in the *Athenæum* of the 27th ult., requests us to state "that he is not responsible for the deceptive title it bears or the numerous misprints it contains. Owing to his absence on foreign service, and other causes, he never saw the proofs of the articles as they appeared in the *Boy's Own Magazine*, or of the work in its present form. The book has been published without his consent, and he has no interest in its success."

Mr. J. W. Hales, late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, one of the editors of Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, has been appointed Professor of English Language and Literature at the Ladies' College, Bedford Square.

The gold medal, a first prize for Practical Chemistry at University College, in the summer-session class, has been won by the first and only Hindoo from Bombay, who has come to be educated in England—Mr. Moreshwar Atmaram Tharkhadakar, son of Dr. Atmaram Pandurang, of Bombay. Mr. Moreshwar has also taken a prize in mineralogy, and certificates of honour in geology and mathematics.

At the meeting of the Philobiblon last Saturday, at the house of R. S. Turner, Esq., Regent's Park, Mr. Huth's present of the reprint of Mr. Daniel's famous volume of ballads was presented to the Members. Mr. Halliwell has edited the book. Lord Houghton, as chairman, acknowledged the gift, and introduced an incident which amused his audience.

There would seem to be much faith in the possibility of floating new magazines, since we have this week two fresh ventures on our table, and the promise of a third venture in a couple of months.

Tinsleys' Magazine and the *English Magazine* are the two works already before the public; the former edited by Mr. Edmund Yates. Mr. Anthony Trollope is the proposer of the third adventure in periodical writing, and his labour will appear under the title of the *New Metropolitan Magazine*. Mr. Yates has entered on his campaign with spirit. Two new novels, two singing poems (one of them by Mr. Shirley Brooks), three or four papers on social topics, and a capital article from Paris on current fashions, make only part of the contents of his first number.

A new edition of Prof. Haldemann's excellent work on English Affixes is in the press, and we believe that arrangements are being made to bring out the book contemporaneously in England at about half the price at which it has been heretofore sold. A great improvement in English etymological schoolbooks may be looked for as the result.

When the estimate for the British Museum was before the House of Commons on Monday night last, it was stated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been so much occupied during the current session of Parliament as to have been unable to give attention to the plans of the new buildings which had been submitted to the Trustees but not finally approved of. These new buildings were to be erected at South Kensington for the Natural History Collection. It was added that the whole subject of the separation of the collections, the reason for doing so, the necessity of making adequate provision for them when separated, and their management, must be brought under the notice of the House and be thoroughly investigated. Next session the Chancellor of the Exchequer will state his views on the subject to the House.

The honour of knighthood has been conferred by the Queen on William (now Sir William) Mitchell, the inventor of our present system of maritime signals.

The University of Oxford has recently conferred the very unusual honorary degree of Master of Arts on Mr. J. H. Parker, whose numerous architectural works, and especially his recent elaborate researches on the archeology of Rome, have also earned for him the acknowledgment and thanks of the Pope.

Several of the series of the grim old heads round the inclosure of the Sheldonian Theatre, and four others in front of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, having become greatly decayed, were removed some months ago; and the remainder are following them. Although often regarded as busts of the Cæsars,—there are thirteen of them,—they are, in truth, bacchanalian figures, crowned with ivy, and therefore considered fit decorations of a theatre; and one of them (being a perfect fac-simile of the original bust in its undecayed state) has just been replaced, carved by a local artist, as a tentative rather than a specimen of the remainder. The Sheldonian Theatre is not, however, a theatre in the ordinary sense of the word; and it may, therefore, be allowed to us to suggest that these representations of Bacchus and his followers are rather out of place, and that it would be more in accordance with the *genius loci* if well-executed busts of the learned men of classical, or even mediæval, times were affixed in their stead.

Persons interested, whether on scientific or economic grounds, in the geology of the eastern provinces of the new dominion of Canada—namely, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island—will be glad to learn that Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, has in the press a new edition of his 'Acadian Geology,' in which the information on the geology of the provinces above named, contained in the previous edition, will be brought up to the present date. There will also be additional chapters on Pre-historic Times in Acadia, on the Flora and Land Fauna of the Carboniferous and Devonian Periods, on the Recent Discovery of highly-fossiliferous Primordial Beds, and on the important Deposits of Coal, Iron and Gold, and the Condition of Mining Industry in relation to them.

The Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science held a field meeting at New Glasgow, on the 9th and 10th of July, in the vicinity of which town

lie the principal coal-mines in the province. A large number of members assembled on the occasion, and the Provincial Government gave every assistance by free passes over the lines of railway, &c. The different mines were examined, and copious notes taken by the geologists of the party, preparatory to the reading of papers on the subject, during the next session of the Institute. This interesting and apparently valuable portion of the new dominion of Canada appears to be gradually awaking to the fact that scientific investigation into its vast natural resources will do more for its advancement in a few years than the political squabbles of half a century.

The people of St. Louis are about to erect a bridge over the Mississippi. This work, if carried out according to the plan, will be the largest structure of its kind in the world; and it will certainly be of enormous advantage to the great central city of America.

The great natural ice-stores of Switzerland are about to be utilized. Arrangements are being made to convey ice from the Mer de Glace and the Glacier des Bossons to Chamouni, whence it will be transported in waggons drawn by oxen to Geneva, and from thence sent by railway to Paris and other cities. It has been ascertained that very large portions of these great glaciers are capable of supplying ice quite equal in purity to that at present derived from Norway.

M. Jausen, who was sent by the French Minister of Public Instruction to investigate the phenomena accompanying the volcano of Santorin, has made a report to the Paris Academy of Sciences, which contains some interesting particulars. M. Jausen found that the volcanic deposits and fissures had a powerful magnetic influence on the needle in the direction of the volcanic lines, and that the magnetic dip decreases greatly in localities beyond the volcanic region. An examination of the flames proceeding from the volcano by the spectroscope showed that hydrogen is their chief component; but that they also contain sodium, copper, chlorine and carbon.

Greek, Roman, and English coins and medals, of much value, have just been sold by auction at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's (29th and 30th ult.). Amongst the best, we may notice a rare dollar of our great Queen Elizabeth, called the Portcullis, struck only for the East India trade (Addington). It brought 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* A unique medal, in silver, also of Elizabeth (obtained by Mr. Curt in Holland), on her death, produced 20*l.* A single specimen of this piece is known in gold. The gem of the sale was a gold stater of Tarentum, reverse Castor and Pollux on horseback. A similar typed coin had never before been offered publicly or privately for sale in this country. Only four or five specimens are known (68*l.*). An inferior one brought 40*l.* lately in Paris, at Dupré's sale. Mr. S. Addington was the purchaser of this admirable piece. Perseus, the usual eagle type, a silver Tetradrachm, 5*l.* 5*s.*—James I., Thirty-shilling Piece, 3*l.* 3*s.*—Charles I., Treble Unite, 4*l.* 1*s.*—William IV., Proof Crown Piece, 6*l.* 6*s.*—James VI., Thistle Noble, 3*l.* 10*s.*—Charles I., Unite, 4*l.*—William IV., Proof Crown, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*—Charles I., Scotch Sovereign, 4*l.* 3*s.*—Cromwell's Broad, 6*l.* 5*s.*—Gold coin of Tarentum in alliance with Heraclea, 11*l.* 10*s.*—Another, with laureate head of Apollo, 11*l.* 15*s.*

Some interesting autograph letters have recently been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, commencing with a series from John Wesley (the founder of Methodism) to his wife. The following is a selection:—A very painfully written letter, occupying eight pages, on the differences between him and his wife, 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; another, on a similar subject, 3*l.* 5*s.*; another, of a more pleasing character, 2*l.* 12*s.*; another, relating to Mrs. Wesley's keeping his papers, in which he says, "Will not even men of the world say, what a wretch is this, first to rob, then to expose her own husband?" 2*l.* 2*s.*; another, presenting a long and pitiful chapter of complaints and dislikes, 2*l.* 10*s.*; another, of grave accusation against Mrs. Wesley for having taken some of his private letters from his bureau, 2*l.* 7*s.*; another, relating to his choosing

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his own company, which had been a bone of contention between him and his wife for more than seven years, 2l. 2s.; another, commencing "Have not you, above all the people in the world, a right to hear from me as soon as possibly I can?" 2l. 2s.—Cowper (W.), Poet, in which he writes, "It is a great thing to be indeed a poet, and does not happen to more than one man in a century. Churchill, the great Churchill, deserved the name of poet; such natural, unforced effusions of genius, the world, I believe, has never seen since the days of Shakespear," 2l. 16s.—Burns's celebrated Address of Bruce to his Troops, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," 12l.—Letter of Charles the First relating to the surrender of Guernsey, 2l. 13s.—Charles the Second, relating to the Prince of Orange and France, 2l. 3s.—Dean Swift, a letter of three pages to Sir William Temple, petitioning for testimonials to enable him to enter into holy orders, 11l.; another fine specimen, expressing his love for Ireland, and remarks on Whig and Tory, 8l. 15s.

DUDLEY GALLERY.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—GRAND EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, including Hilton's great work, "The Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison." Open from nine till six o'clock. Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. R. F. McNAIL, Sec.

MR. MORBY'S COLLECTION OF MODERN HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is ON VIEW at the Royal Exchange Fine Arts Gallery, 21, Cornhill. This Collection contains examples of John Phillip, R.A.—Mills, R.A.—Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.—John Linnell—Peter Graham—Lentle, R.A.—D. Roberts, R.A.—E. M. Ward, R.A.—Egg, R.A.—Frith, R.A.—Goodall, R.A.—Coke, R.A.—Pickersill, R.A.—Lee, R.A.—Calderon, A.R.A.—Sant, A.R.A.—Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.—Le Jeune, A.R.A.—Ansdell, A.R.A.—Frost, A.R.A.—H. O'Neill, A.R.A.—Pettie, A.R.A.—Yamess, A.R.A.—F. Hamyrt—Dobson, A.R.A.—Cooper, A.R.A.—Gale—Marks—F. Hardy—Lidderdale—George Smith—Gérôme—H. W. B. Davis—Baxter—Burgess—Frère. Also Drawings by Hunt, Cox, Birket Foster, Duncan, Topham, F. Walker, & Warren, &c.—Admission on presentation of address card.

SCIENCE

The Old-Northern Runic Monuments of Scandinavia and England. Now first collected and deciphered by Prof. George Stephens. Part I. (London and Copenhagen.)

De Danske Runemindermærker forklarede af P. G. Thorsen.

Runemindermærkerne i Slesvig. (Copenhagen.)

Di un Calendario Runico della Pontificia Università di Bologna. By Dr. Luigi Frati. With Plates. (Bologna.)

The close connexion now happily subsisting between England and Denmark appears to be but a natural consequence of that old relationship which formerly existed (as we learn from the venerable historian Saxo Grammaticus) between the two brothers Dan and Angul,—the expression probably of a current tradition that the Danes and Angles or English were originally descended from the same ancestry. Many circumstances might be adduced to prove this relationship; but our more especial object at the present time is to direct attention to the fact of the existence of a literature with a distinct set of letters possessed by the Scandinavian nations at the earliest period of their invasion of this country, which ended in the domination of the Anglo-Saxon element over the old British people. According to Tacitus, the ancient Germans were ignorant of the use of letters, "litterarum secreta viri pariter ac femine ignorant." That they, however, possessed some sort of characters which were used as letters seems evident from his additional observation that they were greatly addicted to divination and the casting of lots, which was performed with small branches of trees upon which certain marks had been cut ("virgam, frugifera arbori decimas, in circulos amputant, eosque, *notis quibusdam discretos, supra candidam vestem temere ac fortuito spargunt*"). We can scarcely think that these expressions of Tacitus can apply, as generally supposed, to the Runic letters of the Danes and other Scandinavian peoples, because the latter agree in so many respects with the more ancient and

archaic alphabets, especially the Gothic of Ulphilas, that the relationship of the Runic marks with those of a real alphabet would not have been overlooked by the historian.

Our British ancestors likewise possessed a bardic alphabet, termed by Welsh scholars the "Coelbren y beirdd," which consisted of straight lines cut in different directions and differently conjoined, and which was used by being incised upon thin pieces of wood or twigs; hence termed the "twig alphabet." An elaborate memoir on this system of letters was published by the late Taliesin Williams, with the view of clearing the memory of his father, old "Iolo Morganwg," from the charge of having invented this alphabet, which the son, moreover, insisted was the parent of the monkish or black-letter alphabet. As, however, there are numerous references in the old Welsh poems to this system of writing, its existence can scarcely be denied, although no ancient monument, to our knowledge, exists in the Principality on which its characters have been inscribed. The characters engraved on the earliest Welsh Christian monuments, as, for example, those at Llantwit, are not only unlike the ordinary capital letters used in Roman inscriptions, being in fact either debased Roman capitals or rudely-formed minuscule (small text) letters founded upon the genuine Roman uncials.

In like manner, the Irish possessed at an early period a system of letters quite distinct from the Roman alphabet, termed Oghams, the alphabet being called the "Bethluisnion," from a conjunction of the names of its first three letters B L and N, these and the remaining letters being invariably named after trees and vegetables. This alphabet consists entirely of straight lines incised at right angles or obliquely upon or under or extending on both sides of a main long line. Of the inscriptions themselves many examples have lately been found, not only in Ireland, but also in Wales and Scotland, occurring on stone pillars, of which one of the angles forms the long straight stroke. Other examples occur on ornamental metal-work, and also in manuscripts long previous to the year A.D. 1000. The study of the Oghamic letters is still in its infancy, and scholars are impatiently waiting for a long-promised treatise on the subject by one of the most competent Irish archaeologists. That a similar system of letters should have been in use in Scandinavia at the period when the Britons and the Irish were in possession of analogous modes of expressing their ideas is an extremely curious circumstance in the history of literature, which has not been sufficiently dwelt upon. Like the Oghams, the Runes were formed of straight lines, differently disposed for facility of execution, by incision in hard materials, such as wood or stone,* but they have all the elements of a genuine alphabet, being independent characters evidently founded upon earlier and more archaic alphabets. Some of the earlier Northern scholars ascribe a wonderfully early date to the use of Runes. Thus Olaus Rudbeck affirms that Isis and Osiris are alluded to on certain monuments of Sweden, and that Japhet journeyed to and settled in that country, whence his descendants spread over the old world and established the mythological systems of Egypt and Greece. Peringskiöld, again, stated that he had discovered amongst the Runic monuments of Sweden the tombstone of Magog, the son of Japhet; whilst Goranson, who published a treatise on Runes in 1750, gravely affirmed that he had discovered a Runic inscription in honour of the companions of Noah in the Ark.

* Hence, as we learn from Olaus Wormius, termed runes from the old word *runn* or *rynn*, to notch or make an incision.

These statements were, however, far exceeded by the assertion of Prof. P. Bang, of Abo, that Adam had visited Scandinavia, and had dwelt in Kalkersta, in Finland! More prudent Northern writers, rejecting such exaggerations, adopted the idea that the Runes were not older than the introduction of Christianity into Sweden,—Sjoberg and Liljegren not hesitating to assert that no Runic inscription existed upon the tombstone of a pagan Northman (with two exceptions—the hammer preserved at Upsal, and the *runamo* of Bleking). That the system of Runic writing was in full use before the introduction of Christianity into Scandinavia is now, however, generally admitted; and even Finn Magnussen, who at first considered that these letters were not earlier than the eighth century of the Christian era, subsequently admitted their existence during the pagan period, various monuments inscribed with Runes having been discovered in or over graves in which the pagan mode of sepulture had been adopted. We may also point to another kind of evidence of the early use of these Runes, since a careful examination of some of the earliest of our Anglo-Saxon charters has proved the occurrence of certain Runic letters intercalated amongst the ordinary Roman ones of the text. We may also quote the Latin poet Fortunatus in proof of the use of these letters in the sixth century, as well as the practice of incising them on slabs of wood. Writing to his friend Flavus, he says—

Barbara fraxineis pingatur Rhuna tabellis,
Quodque papyrus ait, virgula plana valet.

The great work which stands first at the head of this notice is destined (when the other half is published) to furnish a complete and most elaborate series of illustrations of all the oldest of the Runic monuments existing in Scandinavia and England. Its author, Prof. Stephens, who has long held the chair of Anglo-Saxon literature in the University of Copenhagen, is pre-eminently fitted for the task; and his work, when finished, will form one of the most remarkable, as it will be one of the most exhaustive, treatises ever published upon such a subject. It is, indeed, with some degree of pride that we, as Englishmen, can refer to this work as the modern, as we can to Hickes's great Thesaurus as the old, standard authority on Northern literature.

The great majority of the Runic inscriptions occur on rude erect blocks of stone, and are for the most part sepulchral memorials. Of this, Liljegren has published a list of nearly 3,000, the great majority of which occur in Sweden. Of these, however, by far the largest number are more recent than the twelfth century; others, however, not only in the style of the letters, but also in the dialects employed, are far older, and Prof. Stephens does not hesitate to assign some of them to the fourth or fifth, and even to the third century of the Christian era. The difficulty of determining the true reading of these earlier examples is, of course, increased by many of the letters being quite unlike those of the more recent monuments (many of them being also read from right to left—a proof in itself of their great antiquity), but also from the want of other literary remains affording authentic means of comparison, the author altogether denying that these ancient remains are to be translated into that comparatively modern and provincial dialect vulgarly called "Icelandic." The following passage on the early dialects of these Northern people is an excellent example of the style of the writer, showing not only his views of the origin of the dialects themselves, but also his peculiar system of orthography, and his intense hatred of German politics:—

"All the Scando-Gothic dialects, which naturally fall into three groups, the *Northern*, the *Saxon* or *Flemish*, and the *German*, are one in origin,—shoots from a common unknown centre. They are so nearly allied, that the Northern and the Saxon might be called A1 and A2, but the German B, the two former having nearly the same system of vowels, consonants and syntax, whilst the last has important differences. Hence the oldest Northern traditions reckon Saxland to the area of the Northern tongue, dialectic variations being of course understood. As a consequence, the word-board, the dictionary, the mass of stems, in all these Gotho-Scandinavian talks, is more or less in common. At this moment there are vast differences, the result of splitting, and growth, and endless importations and reconstructions, but the farther back the less the disparity. The Norse-Icelandic *Edda* contains multitudes of words now regarded as pure 'German,' and the Saxon and German remains and vernaculars hold numbers of expressions now called 'Scandinavian.' Northmen, Saxons, Germans, all are brothers, all have one common interest, all constitute one great language and state cyclus, and should all hold together. The modern German (high German) movement, by which the high-German propaganda tries with fire and fraud, sword and schoolmaster, to extirpate the rights and freedom and nobler mother-tongues of all the Saxon and Northern folkships, and to steal and annex and incorporate their lands, is a revolting wickedness, a cruel infamy, a great mistake, sheer self-murder. It only plays into the hands of the Mongol autocrat, whose policy is indeed as ruthless and heartless as the German, but—far more wily."

Then follow some extended observations and comparisons of the different Scandinavian and German "tungs," in the course of which the author incidentally affirms that the "Old-Northern speech went from Scandinavia to England," and that the "English language resulted from the violent amalgamation of west and south Scandinavian with other neighbouring cognate dialects, though the former were largely and distinctly predominant."

The author has taken great pains in showing the various modifications which the Runic letters themselves have undergone (devoting not fewer than eighteen pages to the alphabet-tables), and twenty-six to a palaeographic dissertation on the letters, similar to the celebrated one in the 'Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique,' but has also given extensive lists of the various spellings of common words and dialectic modifications of different phrases. Thus, he gives not fewer than forty different modes of spelling the imperfect tense *raesthi* of the verb *raisa*, to raise or set up, and one hundred and sixty-nine variations in the three words expressing "he raised this stone." We cannot, however, but think that our author has given too much weight to many of these variations, and has not made sufficient allowance for the ignorance or carelessness of the sculptor. He says, indeed, "These peculiarities pervade the whole body of these monuments, and these stones,—some of them colossal and costly, and many of them, as they expressly inform us, carved by great chiefs, the nearest kinsmen or dearest friends or brothers-in-arms of the dead warrior, or by 'Rune-cunning masters,' who perpetuate their name, and who would not have perpetrated their great ignorance and helpless stupidity,—either must be read as they stand, or cease to have any value. To pronounce 'mis-hewn' or 'corrupt' whatever we do not understand, is childish." And yet in previous pages he has given numerous instances where the same word is spelt in different manners on the same stone, and others where two separate stones raised on or near the same place, at the same time, by the same man, to the memory of the same person, in words more or less identical, yet they vary in spelling. And elsewhere

he quotes the two following quaint English epitaphs as illustrations of "local speech and spelling by ear":—

Hear lyeth the boode of Wallter Sovthall, and he is led her to tak his rast and I Hop his Sovl in heaven is blast, and

Too sweetur babes you nare did see
Than God Amity geed too wee
But they wur ortaken wee agur fittis
And hear they lys has dead as Nitts.

This leads us to allude to the comprehensive view which the author has taken of the cognate dialects of the Scandinavian, although we much doubt whether his rejection of the Germanic element in our English language will meet with universal acceptance. Certain, however, it is that, so far as the Runes and Runic literature are concerned, Germany does not possess a single trace either in stone or manuscript.

We notice, in passing, that in his introductory remarks on inscribed pillar stones, he has given a long dissertation on the Kirkbiston stone, respecting which he adopts the conclusions of Uston, Sir J. Simpson, Prof. Westwood and others, that it was raised about A.D. 369-375, in memory of Witta Wecting, or rather Wetta Wicting, grandfather of Hengist and Horsa, "the first historically known regular and triumphant invaders into north and south England, and who eventually succeeded in wresting from the Britons that province out of which, in 429, they made the first Angle folkland in their new home,—the Jute-Frisic kingdom of Kent."

The latter half of the volume before us is devoted to an elaborate description of the oldest monuments of Sweden, Norway and Denmark, written in the Futhorc Runes. This system derives its name from the first six letters as arranged in the alphabet. Of this alphabet a most interesting example occurs on the blade of a sword, dredged up from the bed of the Thames in 1857, and now preserved in the British Museum. Of nearly every one of these old monuments, new and most careful figures are given from drawings and casts made expressly for the work. Although mostly found on stone pillars, they occur on brooches, axes, staffs, amulets, combs, wooden pillars, shields, arrows, horns, &c. Hence it will be seen that there is ample ground for archaeological research, nor will the student be disappointed at the manner in which many of these articles have been described and illustrated. The work is admirably printed, and "got up" in a manner which does honour to the press of Denmark.

The second work on our list, by Prof. Thorsen, is a handsome volume, devoted to the Runes of Sleswig; being the first portion of a general description of Danish Runes. Very careful descriptions and figures of about twenty inscribed stones are given, amongst which is the stone erected by King Sweyn, whose name appears in the first line (SUN : KUNUGR—SWEYN THE KING), also the "Rune Gattorpienses," also the Haverslund stones (two of which are given by Prof. Stephens), and on one of which appears the remarkable ornament formed of three horns interlaced, together with the fillot cross. Here also are the gold head-circlet, with its Runic inscription, a golden incised horn, gold bracteates and shield boss. Most of the stones are not given by Prof. Stephens, as they do not belong to the Old-Northern period, being more recent monuments. Several pages are also given from mediæval manuscripts, written entirely on Runic characters.

We have added a third work, by Dr. Frati, the learned librarian of the University of Bologna, which appears to have escaped the notice of Northern Runologists, which has for its object a remarkable Runic calendar, consisting of eight small slabs of wood, each mea-

suring five inches by three, incised on each side with a multitude of saints, zodiacal signs, and other animals, beneath which, in four lines, are inscribed the days of the months, names of the saints, &c. The first leaf contains a representation of the dead body of Our Saviour, supported by seven male and female saints, rudely executed, beneath which, divided by fleurs-de-llys, are inscribed the date of the calendar, MDXIV., and Ave Maria; whilst the reverse of the leaf contains the Paschal Cycle, with the evangelical symbols, and the names of the artist and of the person for whom it was made. The six following tablets contain on their two sides the twelve months; whilst the eighth, or last, contains on one side a representation of the Saviour standing in glory, with the Virgin Mary and twelve apostles, with their several attributes; whilst the other side contains the Solar Cycle, a Latin invocation to the Saviour, and twelve sacred symbols. English antiquaries are acquainted with the square shape of the Runic calendars from Plott's figure of the Clog-almanack, copied in Hone's 'Every Day Book'; but the calendar also occurs on long staves, and also on small leaves of wood, as in the Bologna specimen, of which several also exist in the old Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. We may also refer to a little-known treatise on the subject, by Pastor Hipping, entitled 'Ueber Runenstäbe und Runenkalender.'

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUES. Horticultural, 3.—General Meeting.

FINE ARTS

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

HAVING dealt with Kneller and his contemporaries, we have next to treat, as briefly as may be, of the small intermediate class of painters whose works fill the short space between the "Augustan" era and the Georgian age. Of this class the best are Allan Ramsay, whose hard-featured Scotch *Flora Macdonald* (No. 312) will, to coin a word, "disillusionize" many a sentimental person as to the appearance of that young lady. This head is full of character.—It is hardly needful to say that Mrs. Bedford's *Flora Macdonald* (314) may be by Hudson, but is certainly a poor portrait of an English girl, and ought not to have been placed here at all.—Mr. Halliday's *Colonel Gardiner* (315) is no Hogarth. This brings us to the most eminent of the intermediary class now in question—brave William Hogarth, to whom almost as many portraits are now ascribed as were last year thrust upon Holbein. There is this difference, however, in these intrusions,—many of the pseudo-Holbeins were fine pictures; one only of the false Hogarths is good, so far as we have observed. This we have already named to be *Bishop Hooper* (229), by T. Hill.—The *Gay* (177), which is now given to Richardson, was sold about 1820 as a Hogarth.—No. 332 is neither Thomson nor by Hogarth; it is more like Gay than the fat bard of 'The Seasons': see No. 333, which is really Thomson, by Aikman, whom Walpole wrongly calls a pupil of Sir John Medina; he rather followed Kneller.—Another Hogarthian blunder is the description of No. 341 as a portrait of *Captain Coram*. It is truly Mr. Porter, and has been engraved.—Viscount *Boyne* (357), seen on board a yacht, is no Hogarth, nor does it contain, as the Catalogue says, a portrait of the painter. We doubt if Sir C. Hawkins (507) and *The Misses Weston* (347) are by Hogarth, and laugh at the idea of his having painted the wretched daub which the Salford Museum sends as *Chatterton* (810). Unquestionable pictures by Hogarth are the charming sketch of *Miss Rich* (344), the brightest jewel of this gathering, *The Duchess of Bolton* (240), *Simon Fraser*, *Lord Lovat* (320), the well-known small whole-length, which shows that crafty fox counting on his fingers the names of the revolting clans. This picture is said to have been painted at St. Albans, where the peer stayed on his journey to London and the scaffold. It is

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said that when Hogarth was introduced to Lovat, the latter jumped up and kissed him, which must have been no pleasant salute to the Englishman. More famous than this is *Sarah Malcolm* (370), another malefactor's portrait, and painted in prison. It is worthy of its reputation not only because it renders character admirably, but on account of its most felicitous, light-handed painting; it must have been wrought straight off, with the precision of fresco, and if not at one sitting, yet without retouching. This picture hung in the Green Room at Strawberry Hill. It is said that while it was being wrought, the knife with which the woman committed her crime was placed near the painter; why this may have been done, one cannot guess. She dressed herself in red, as the most becoming colour, when Hogarth painted her.

Another painter of this class, rather than of the period, is Highmore, whose *Samuel Richardson* (294) powerfully suggests the influence of Kneller, who may be called his master, and not a little of the more refined and broader quality of Reynolds's works. Aikman should, although of earlier date than Hogarth and Highmore, be ranked here; his portrait of himself (107) is very interesting; see also his *Allan Ramsay* (245). We suspect the unnamed *Pletcher of Saltoun* (20) is by this artist. *Gay* (173) is, on T. Kite's engraving, stated to be his; the portrait is said to be signed by Dahl. These must suffice to represent the intermediary order of portrait painters who flourished as well as they could in the first third of the last century, and a little later. The number of painters at work among us in this time was much greater than is commonly believed; Kneller's fame has swallowed theirs.

Before quitting this part of the subject, it will be well, in addition to what has been already written, to supply names of painters to pictures which are not so endowed in the Official Catalogue. By Mr. W. Smith's kind aid, we have already done much in this way, and now conclude the subject. The *John Holles, Duke of Newcastle*, (95) which should be *William Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle*, and was painted by Hoare, of Bath, is by the father of Prince Hoare; this picture, see the costume, is placed greatly out of chronological order. By Mr. Hoare also is *Mr. Legge* (481). This Mr. Legge had three fair relatives of the next descent, when Reynolds painted; two of these ladies married, the third remained a maid, and with the wits was called "the left Legge."—*Bishop Sherlock* (238), from St. Catherine's, Cambridge, was painted by Jones, engraved by Lellius.—*Lord Talbot* (253), was painted by Richardson.—*Queen Caroline* (255), by Vanderbank, engraved by Faber.—*John, Lord Hervey*, (257) the much-abused "Sporus" of Pope, is by Vanloo; also *Viscountess Townshend* (265)—a lady who is very frequently mentioned in memoirs of her time, especially by Walpole, who wrote in his malicious way, "My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says everybody is so bloody-minded that they eat rebels." "She was smitten with his falling shoulders." The pair of portraits of the fair Gunning, *The Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll* (433) and her sister *The Countess of Coventry* (441), attributed to Henry Robert Morland, the father of George Morland, have also been ascribed to Edward Penny, one of the first Royal Academicians, well known as a painter of "candlelights," one of which is now in the British Institution, No. 134. Notwithstanding Walpole's assertion in the 'Anecdotes of Painters,' we do not believe that the picture called *The House of Commons* (285), and belonging to the Earl of Hardwicke, owes anything to Hogarth or Thornhill. The "poet" *Sir C. H. Williams* (288), much quoted in 'Walpole's Letters,' is by R. Mengs.—*Marshal Wade* (300), belonging to the Rev. J. Mason, is by J. Van Diest.—*Margaret Woffington, as Penelope*, (366) can hardly be a Reynolds: see the dates, and note the style of the picture.—*Archbishop Potter* (380) is by T. Gibson.—*Isaac Watts* (383) by Isaac Wood.—Mr. Whitehead's *Alexander Cruden* (384), except that he has a "Concordance" by his hand, has nothing to do with Alexander the Corrector, but is the

portrait of a young man reading.—*Dr. Nicol* (385) is by Murray.—*Dr. Doddridge* (386) by Soldi.—*Archbishop Boulter* (408) is by M. Ashton.—*Chief Justice Ryder* (421) by J. Cranck.—*G. Morland* (534) is by himself.—*John Dollond* (568) is the work of B. Wilson, not the hapless landscape painter.—*Archbishop Newcome* (616) is by Hugh Hamilton.—*Bishop Horne* (632) by S. Olive.—*Bishop Hincheliffe* (671) is said, not in the Catalogue of this Exhibition, for that is mute, to be by Romney; but see Bromley's Catalogue, p. 355. It is really by the Rev. W. Peters, one of the "Boydell's Shakespeare" men, with whose manner the picture thoroughly agrees.—*The Bishop Louth* (679) is by R. E. Pine.—*Sir S. Hood* (724) is by Abbott.—*Thomas Coutts* (728) by Beechey.—*Bishop Porteus* (830) by Hoppner.—*Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare*, (839) is by C. J. Stuart.—No. 471, *The Duchess of Hamilton* (Elizabeth Gunning), is painted on an impression of the famous mezzotint, the work of Catherine Reid. Cotes had nothing to do with this portrait, although he painted the lady.—The nameless picture of Johnson's step-daughter, *Miss Lucy Porter* (562), can hardly be a portrait of that lady.—*The Mary Palmer* (570) referred to in the so-called "Marchioness of Thomond," otherwise 'Hope nursing Love,' was a model, not the niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who would have been scrupulous of representing his young unmarried relative in the act of suckling. This is also said to represent Miss Morris, the hapless theatrical debutante.—No. 198, *Prince James Francis Edward Stuart*, is a bad, cold copy of No. 200, by Luti, of a half-baboon-faced man.—No. 80, *Queen Anne and her Son*, is not by M. Dahl, we think: note the poor hydrocephalic infant.—No. 256, *Countess of Hardwicke*, is by Jervas.—*The Prince Charles Edward Stuart* (306) has blue eyes; those of the same (?) person in 309 are dark hazel. The colour of the eye often changes with advancing years, but hardly so rapidly as these pictures suggest.—No. 391, the *Marchioness of Hartington* (compare it with 390, *The Princess Amelia*) is by Hans Huisysing. Why have we no pictures here by Gandy of Exeter, the able man to whom Reynolds is believed to have owed much? Of the 1,500 pictures Largilliere painted we have, thank Heaven! only two; yet he was nearly as active as Reynolds. How many of our readers know his works? Simon Du Bois was a man of note in his day, unrepresented here; nor H. Cooke, the murderer, so called. We should like to see more portraits by Riley than have yet appeared. We have only one by Clostermann, who, when he was painting the Marlboroughs, got into such hot water with the fiery Duchess Sarah, that her husband said, "It has given me more trouble to reconcile my wife and you than to fight a battle." She quarrelled with Vanbrugh, and, fortunately for us, employed Wren to build Marlborough House, instead of giving it to the builder of Blenheim. Sir John Medina, the last knight made in Scotland before the Union, might be better represented than he is. Van Bleec is not shown at all; nor Liotard, the predecessor of Hudson.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.

THE Royal Academy Exhibition, which has just closed, was remarkably fruitful of profit to the body. The receipts at the doors for admissions, amounted to 14,619*l.*, being an increase of 3,604*l.* on those of last year. The number of visitors was 235,497, exclusive of those holding free admissions. 700 Belgians were admitted gratis, and presented with Catalogues. The sales of pictures in the Exhibition exceeded in value by several hundreds of pounds those of last year.

On Wednesday last Mr. Woolner's memorial bust of Cobden was placed in Westminster Abbey. No sculpture in this large gathering of works of Art surpasses this in interest and importance. Its execution is of that supremely delicate and elaborate kind which will go far to redeem the character of modern carving in that church which has received of late, and long before has received, so many unfortunate and feeble productions. Nothing can well exceed the merit of the likeness, which is extraordinarily faithful in expressing the earnest and straightforward character of the deceased

reformer. Without a shade of affectation in design or treatment, this portrait derives dignity from truth and simplicity. It is a model for all students, and will, in future time, doubtless be accepted as such.

The Architectural Photographic Association has undertaken to furnish its subscribers of this year with a series of views of buildings on the banks of the Rhine and Moselle, including those which may be supplied by the Romanesque Abbey of Laach, the apse and details of the same character at Andernach, the church and old timbered houses at Boppard, the church at Limburg, the church and a sculptured "Entombment" at Munstermaifeld, Schloß Elz, details from Treves, &c. Altogether, an excellent choice of subjects has been made by Mr. Seddon for the Association.

The iron buildings at the South Kensington Museum so well known as "The Boilers" are now emptied of their contents, and will shortly be removed to the East of London, on a site provided for a local museum of science and art. This is a most desirable thing, and will tend to remove those well-grounded complaints which have been made because our eastern and generally poorer neighbours possess no institution for instruction or amusement of the better sort, while they pay in proportion with others in maintaining the public gatherings of the kind in question.

Messrs. James Parker & Co., of Oxford and London, have sent us their 'Illustrations of Mediaeval Antiquities in the County of Durham,' from Sketches and Measured Drawings, by John Taver-nor Perry and Charles Henman, junior. An unbound folio-sized series of lithographs, representing a considerable number of ancient buildings in the northern Palatinate, their architectural and architectural details, sculpture, and plans drawn to scale. These are prefaced by a very carefully-written historical sketch of the briefest kind, describing the leading characteristics and progress of the successive styles of building in the district. The subjects for these memoranda—they, in respect to details, hardly deserve a higher name—have been chosen with felicity, chiefly to represent the remains of Norman and Early English work, which still distinguish Durham among other counties in England. In execution, the sketches before us compare very unfavourably with the admirable transcripts of Billings, in deference to which, no doubt, the artists are by no means exuberant of illustrations from the great Cathedral of St. Cuthbert. Finchale Priory, and the noble remains of St. Hilda's Church, at Hartlepool, supply, as they might well do, the major portion of the materials before us. With these, the churches of St. Andrew, at Auckland, SS. Mary and Cuthbert, at Chester-le-Street, and less-known edifices, are combined to a common end. The plans of these and other structures will interest architects who desire knowledge on that particular; also the sections of mouldings, elevations of entire exteriors and parts, such as many spires and towers afford. Many wall-arcades, doorways, windows,—which are usefully reproduced to scale, and in sections,—add greatly to the technical value of the work, which, considering its rich materials, is published at a very cheap rate. The defect of the sketches is in their roughness where elaborate subjects are attempted, such as the few tombs and effigies, capitals, corbels and mobilia supply. We commend to the student the grand and curious remains of St. Hilda's Church, at Hartlepool, as amply illustrated here.

A fine cast from one of the most interesting examples of metal-work has recently been placed in the South Kensington Museum. This cast has been taken from the gigantic seven-branched candlestick in the cathedral at Milan, which was presented by the Arch-Priest Trivulzio in 1562, and, so says the official inscription of the cast, was probably made for an older church. This may, or may not, be the case. Certain it is, however, that this piece of furniture exemplifies two very different styles of design, neither of which pertain, we believe, although the inscription further states so much, to the twelfth century. The candlestick rests on four feet composed of dragons of most grotesque design and vigorous action. The tails of these creatures

are turned back on the stem which rises between them, and in their turning comprise most admirably wrought figures of men and rich scrolls. The bodies of the dragons are united by very elaborately chased and moulded filigree work in foliage, intertwined with which are small statues of angelic champions and others in the act of combating evil spirits and creatures; lower down than these are men in various attitudes of suffering and terror. It would be difficult to applaud too highly the vigour, spirit and variety of the design, or the extraordinary delicacy of these sculptures, whether they represent the human figure or foliage. The stem rises from this base, and is encircled at about five feet from the ground by a sort of ring of pierced work of foliage, scrolls and figures. Among the latter appear the Virgin and Child, and the Magi on horseback proceeding with their gifts. This portion is of the same date and equally valuable in Art as are the marvellously wrought feet of the candlestick. We consider the above-described parts to have been wrought in the thirteenth century, and by French rather than Italian hands. Another motive in design is obvious in those sections of the bronze which issue from the ring. The lower parts are intensely Gothic in their elaboration, grotesqueness, and, above all, in their designer's evident disdain of repetition of parts; the main masses only repeat these broader elements; their details are ineffably varied. The upper part of the stem may have been added to the lower at the date of Trivulzio's gift to the Duomo. These branches are alike throughout, and do not display that constructional propriety in design which characterizes Gothic Art. They are, nevertheless, extremely beautiful, and comprise a rigid tree-like stem, which rises straight in the centre, to sustain at the summit a large patera, resting on finely-wrought conventionalized palmated leaves; the six side-arms of the candlestick curve outwards on one line to support patera of the same form as the central one; rings of considerable size, not unlike some Indian bracelets in their form, encircle the arms and stem at intervals. We commend this admirable example to all students of architectonic design.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS. PART-SONGS.—SECCULAR.

THESE are best to be dealt with without any pretence of classification. Here are a pair of publications by Sinclair & Co.: "A Set of Twelve Songs of the Christy Minstrels," which are anybody's or nobody's songs—of no value, of no character; and "A Set of Ten Baritone Songs," advertised as adopted by Mr. Santley, and, it may be fancied, adopted without his having headed it by his patronage, since some of the half-score are not in his repertory, so far as we know it.—Mr. Hullah is re-issuing his collection of *Part Music* (Longmans & Co.)—a valuable and carefully compiled work.—Mr. Tilleard puts forth a *Collection of Patriotic Part-Songs, for the use of the Army, Navy and Volunteers* (Novello & Co.). Too many of these are commonplace.—No. 1 of *Cassell's Choral Music, selected, marked and edited by Henry Leslie*, promises well. It contains two modern specimens of part-writing by Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. G. A. Macfarren; the first the better of the two. We fail to see the necessity of English words to Mozart's 'Ave Verum.'—Book 42 of *Orpheus* (Ewer & Co.) contains two specimens by Schumann—one, a setting of Burns's 'Rattlin' roarin' Willie' (what a choice of words!), which is simply hideously uncouth; the other, 'Fellow Passengers,' is of greater pretension, and, it may be added, beauty, with *obbligati* accompaniments of flute and horn, and a solo voice.—*Six Four-Part Songs*, for soprano, alto, tenor and bass, by William J. Young (Manchester, Hime), are, we are told, a thirty-fourth work. They are of but slender merit.—While dealing with secular music, we must lastly mention M. Borschitzky's *Three-Part School Songs* (Borschitzky),—the *Carmen Marlboroughense*, by William Schulthes (Marlborough, Lacy),—*The Hemlock Tree*, by Walter Maynard (Cock & Co.),—a *Quartettino*, for mixed voices, by H. C. Deacon (Cock & Co.),—in

another style, *Già la Notte s' avvicina*,—*When the balmy summer breezes*, a Pastoral, same composer (Cramer & Co.).

SACRED.

We may be no less brief in noticing the music of this class which has accumulated since we wrote last, without any neglect of duty. The most important work is Mr. F. W. Hird's *Morning and Evening Service in F* (Novello & Co.). It is not easy again to treat this text with the slightest novelty of character. Failing this, what need is there of treating it at all? An 'Agnus Dei,' for four voices (same author and publishers), is more florid and papistical.—Mr. E. H. Thorne's *Morn of the Nativity*, a sacred song with chorus (same publishers), is also florid and ambitious, but not a little random.—What a contrast is furnished by M. Gounod's 'Nazareth,' and not less by his *Noël solo* and chorus for female voices (Paris, Choudens)!—*Twenty Hymns, with Pianoforte or Harmonium Guidance*, by J. F. Borschitzky (published by the author), merit little praise beyond that of good intention.—Hamilton's *Selections of Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 (Glasgow, Hamilton), is especially arranged for the harmonium. We do not like to meet with the words "altered" and "adapted" so frequently as they are encountered in collections like this.—Part 1st of Watts's *Psalms and Hymns, abridged for Vocal Use, in Score for Four Voices*, (Pittman) gives sixty-three tunes for the price of sixpence. But a yet cheaper work is the same publisher's *Choral Cyclopaedia*, edited by James Brabham, the first part of which includes 146 hymns for the same modest price.

HATMARKET.—A slight change has been made in Miss Sedgwick's arrangements at this house. Having seen it expedient to withdraw 'The Coquette,'—touching which there has been some dispute, the last act having been altered without consulting Mr. T. Mead, the adapter of the drama,—the comedy of 'The Love Chase' has been substituted, and Miss Sedgwick has sustained with her usual force the part of neighbour *Constance*. We may add that Mr. and Mrs. Chipendale, in *Sir William Fendlove* and the *Widow Green*, were remarkably efficient representatives of those characters, and that the play was generally well cast, though not so powerfully as it has been on these boards, and deserves to be on all. Miss Ione Burke was *Lydia*, and acted pleasantly enough, but we have seen the part more fully drawn out. Mr. Buckstone was, however, great as *Samuel Snuzzle* in the farce of 'To Paris and Back for Five Pounds,' which followed; and Mr. Compton, as *Percival Floff*, in the occasional piece of 'The Rifle, and How to Use It,' played with abundant humour.

ST. JAMES'S.—This week closes the engagement of the French players, whose efforts have been rewarded with large but well-merited patronage. Their repertory has been very extensive, and some of their performances of an elaborate character, requiring for their adequate notice a treatise rather than a critique. Since our last report they have added many novelties. Among these are 'Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie,' a long five-act farce, 'L'Ami des Femmes,' 'La Veuve aux Camélias,' 'Les Secondees Noces,' 'Le Fils de Giboyer,' and 'Un Monsieur qui suit les Femmes'; all of which have been excellently well supported. Owing to the merit and consequent prosperity of M. Raphael Félix's company, it is announced that this stage will be next year at their service during the season, and that in all probability they will in future pay annual visits to the theatre.—On Tuesday M. Ravel took his benefit, on which occasion Mr. Charles Mathews returned the compliment he owed to the Parisian actors, by appearing in the part of *Brown*, the hero of 'L'Anglais Timide,' whom, it will be recollected, he lately personated for some fifty nights at the Variétés in Paris. This interchange of courtesies is pleasant. The piece was followed by 'L'Enseignement Mutuel,' which was very neatly played.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE principal singers at the Birmingham Festival will be Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby and Patey-Whytock, Mdles. Tietjens and Nilsson; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Cummings, Santley and Weiss. Madame Arabella Goddard is to play Mr. Benedict's new Concerto, Dr. Bennett's in F minor, and a duet with M. Sainton.

The *Promenade Concerts* at Covent Garden Theatre are to commence on the 15th of this month.

Among other of the past week's entertainments at the Crystal Palace have been a concert by the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, and a ballad concert, in which Mr. Sims Reeves sang.

Our excellent and munificent townsmen, the Messrs. Broadwood, have won, the French papers tell us, golden opinions (i.e. a medal), by a piano mounted in *loupe de noyer*, which may be translated as "watered walnut-wood." Great praise, too, is given to the pianos of the firm of Bernareggi, belonging to Barcelona and Madrid.

So great has been the sensation excited in Paris by the competition of military bands, and so many persons were, as a matter of sheer necessity, excluded from the performance, owing to want of space, that the Emperor has desired a repetition of the *fête*, inviting all the foreign competitors (till now assisted by their own governments) to remain for some days in the French capital at his expense. In a greater or less degree, these gatherings and measurings of strength cannot but break down the wall of prejudice within which, especially as regards music, the Parisians have too willingly entrenched themselves.—The Prussian musical squadron, directed by its first-class conductor, Herr Wiprecht, has given more than one concert; with the utmost success.

"Musical coincidences," writes a friend, "are among the strangest phenomena belonging to the world of imagination. When hearing the exquisite prelude called 'The Sleep of Juliet,' in M. Gounod's new Shakespeare opera, I felt that it reminded me of music heard elsewhere. Impressions of the kind become importunate till they can take something like precise form and order. Which of us has never lost a night's rest in the attempt to recall a forgotten name? Well: something curiously in spirit and progression resembling the theme of this Prelude may be found in the writings of a composer as different from M. Gounod as is Paris from Palermo. There is a haunting theme in Adam's ballet, 'Giselle,' that presents the coincidence which has tormented me for many days."

The Italian Opera season in Paris will this year begin some weeks earlier than usual—that is, in the first days of September: with a view of catering for the guests to the Great Exhibition.

It is said that M. Offenbach's 'Robinson Crusoe' may possibly be given at the *Opéra Comique* towards the end of September.

A young singer, of whom many good things are said,—Mdle. Balbi—has made her first appearance at the Théâtre Lyrique in 'Martha.' There, too, another young artist of promise, Mdle. de Vries, has re-appeared.

Signor Mazzoleni, "a robust tenor" (as the classification of voices runs), has entered into a three years' engagement at the Grand Opéra of Paris.

The annual examination of the pupils of the *Conservatoire*, at Paris, has duly taken place.

The Italian theatrical papers speak of a few coming operas—one by Signor Platania (name unknown here), entitled 'La Corte di Enrico III.'; another by 'Pegregio Maestro Lucilla,' with whose merits also the world on our side of the Alps is not yet acquainted.

The Abbé Liszt's Oratorio, 'Christ,' was (we read) produced in Rome, on the 6th of July.

M. Triebert, well known in Paris as an excellent oboe player, is dead.

The dramatic authors of France have, we perceive, sent in a petition to the English Government, praying for protection for their inventions, by a

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reconsideration of that clause in the International Copyright Act which virtually permits of their being pillaged without hope of redress or share of profits. We are glad to see that the French memorial is supported by the Dramatic Authors' Society. The justice has been far too long deferred.

MISCELLANEA

Statue of George Canning.—Some remarks having been made on the removal of Canning's statue from its old site near Palace Yard to a position in Victoria Street, Mr. E. M. Barry, the architect, has written the following letter of explanation:—"The statue stood till lately in the inclosed garden near to St. Margaret's Church, which lay between Victoria Street and New Palace Yard. The inclosure was planted with shrubs and also contained some trees of considerable dimensions. These trees and shrubs formed an agreeable and satisfactory background to the statue, which fronted New Palace Yard. The tunnel of the Metropolitan District Railway has recently been carried across the inclosure, and as the top of the tunnel is little more than twelve inches below the surface of the ground, the trees and shrubs which formed the background of the statue were destroyed by the works. There-arrangement of the inclosure became, therefore, a work of necessity, and the late First Commissioner of Works decided to avail himself of the opportunity of carrying out a much wanted public improvement recommended by a Royal Commission, by making a connecting carriage road between Victoria Street and St. Margaret's Street, which adjoins New Palace Yard. The destruction of the background of the statue induced a reconsideration of the question of its site, and looking to the dimensions of the statue, which measures with its pedestal twenty-eight feet, and the fact that it has evidently been designed to be seen from the front, it seemed to me very undesirable that it should be left standing isolated in the midst of the open space, and should be first seen from the back by all who approached from Victoria Street and Great George Street. In advising Mr. Cowper, I therefore thought it right to suggest a change to a site in Victoria Street about seventy yards distant, which would as far as possible possess all the advantages of that formerly occupied, together with greater publicity. I have reason to know that the change has given satisfaction in many quarters; and I cannot but think that some of the objectors would cease to wish for the restoration of the statue to its former position, if they would carefully inspect it from the back, and would picture to themselves the effect it would have when seen from Victoria Street and the streets adjoining. I can safely say that the change was resolved on after much consideration, on public grounds alone, from a desire to place in the most advantageous manner a work of art, and no suspicion was for a moment entertained that the step could be construed to imply the least slight to the memory of one of England's most honoured statesmen."—Our own impression is that the new site is better than the old one.

Philosophical Instruments.—Mr. Whitworth has addressed to the Science and Art Department the following letter:—"Feeling the national importance of maintaining the position which England has reached in the manufacture of machinery in general, I desire to do as much as may be in my power towards effecting this object. I should, therefore, feel obliged if you would inform the Lord President of the Council that I am willing to deposit in the South Kensington Museum, to be there perpetually preserved, three original true planes and a measuring machine, or instrument, demonstrating the millionth part of an inch, and I propose, subject to some conditions, to make a sufficient endowment to provide for the delivery of lectures to explain such instruments. Their importance will be manifest, when it is considered that the value of every machine when made of the best materials, depends on the truth of its surfaces and the accurate measurement of its parts."

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No. 2

BRITISH

THIRTY-

September 4

His Grace the

The President

at 10 p.m.

The Section

Admission on

Monday.

and by A. G.

the 6th, and

Excursion on

September.

The Reception

day, September

Notice of 10th

of August.

Members are

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Monday, 2nd

Dr. Barker

Dr. Bristow

Dr. Clapton

Whitfield.

Medicine-

and Mr. Le

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Botany—Dr

Materia M-

Vaccination

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For entry

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Bury, S.

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Principal

Berrington

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and Mr. W

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